

Châtelaine

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

July, 1950 • 15c

I Don't Like Babies
...
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Triangle**



*Larry
Harris*



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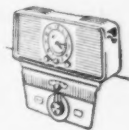
NEW High-Speed, Waist-High Broiler gets steaks just right! The speedy broiler unit is recessed in oven top—out of the way. Porcelain broiling pan.

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NEW Cook-Master (on Model RM-35, shown here) combines in one unit the controls for automatic oven cooking, a Cooking-Top Lamp, and kitchen clock. Handsome styling, set off by gleaming chromium trim.



NEW Super-Size Utensil Drawer Full-width—located right below the oven. Glides silently in and out on triple Nylon rollers.

Three is Company ...Four's a Nuisance



The moonlight...the whisper of the sea...the fire's after-glow...and the new man in your life, yours for the evening! Could there be any more romantic set-up? Yet Lily had been having a rough time of it from the start. Everybody... Bill in particular... seemed to be politely trying to avoid her. It was a case of three being company and four a nuisance—and she was the nuisance! The reason* for this neglect she would be the last to suspect. It can happen to any girl—even you—but quick! And without your knowing why.

How's your breath today?

No matter what your good points, they can be quickly forgotten when you have *halitosis (unpleasant breath). It can turn a winsome miss into a wall-flower, and change ardor to indifference... *just like that!* And the insidious thing about halitosis is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against offending? So many attractive people, popular people, make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" night and morning, and especially before any business or social engagement.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath... not for mere seconds or minutes... but for hours, usually. When you want to be at your best, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic.

While some cases of halitosis are of

systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... IT'S



BREATH-TAKING!

MADE IN CANADA

Chatelaine

Vol. 23 No. 7
for JULY

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WORKING WIVES

outside the Home

THERE ARE many many changes taking place in marriage. One of the most important is that more wives are working—outside the home. More brides are carrying on with their jobs after the honeymoon.

The reason is a simple one. Our modern way of life demands so high a standard in the homes we live in, the cars we drive, the education we want for our children that it is more and more difficult for one wage-earner to support it.

I FIRST REALIZED the extent to which married women are earning money when I was in Washington some years ago. Experts there told me that they did not really expect the majority of married women to return to their homes, after their war jobs. They said that 50% of married women in the U. S. were now wage-earners, for a period of time at least. In 25 years they believed that the figure would be 75%.

It all seemed very far away from Canada—until I saw some statistics in The Financial Post a few weeks ago on employment over the past 20 years.

In that period of time male employment is up 20%. Quite normal. Employment of single women is slightly higher. Also quite normal. But the increase in employment of married women is —380%! What do we, as women, think about that staggering increase? If we're intelligent, we'll really think about it—and its implications for ourselves, our daughters, our homes. Let alone our husbands!

It's a situation which is obviously going to bring about many heartaches—and many triumphs. The heartaches for those who have keyed their standard of living to a double pay-envelope, who are weary of working—but can't stop. The triumphs will come for professional women, and women who want to earn their own money, for their own perfectly good reasons—and who will have an increasing opportunity to do so.

SURVEYS SHOW that the great majority of people in Canada feel that first choice for any job should go to a married man. But even that group is narrowing. More of us seem to be realizing that in our progressively unionized life, and the emphasis on more money for less working hours, the question of selecting a married man versus a married woman is not so clear-cut as it was. The pattern of the future seems to be that of dividing more jobs among more people.

Passing resolutions banning married women from business life has little effect, and does not show, to my mind, sufficient thought of the problem as a whole.

The answer will not lie in any arbitrary decisions. For good or ill, mankind is pressing forward to some unknown goal. Somewhere in that progress, surely, lies the principle of the right to earn money—provided one can, and provided one wants to.

by Byrne Hope Sanders

Some DOS and DON'Ts

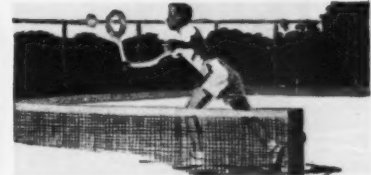
for Summer Months

These are the months when fresh air, sunshine, and outdoor exercise can contribute most to good health and the enjoyment of life. To get full benefit from summertime, however, it is well to be on guard against accidents and health hazards.

Fatal accidents in the summer are about 20% above the annual average, according to official vital statistics' reports. In fact, during June, July, and August there is an average of about 20 accidental deaths per day. So, to help you avoid common summer hazards, here are some of the things that safety and health authorities often recommend.



DO . . . take proper precautions for safety in the water. It is estimated that fewer than 1 out of 14 Canadians who participate in water sports can be considered skilled swimmers, and even they may sometimes need assistance. So it is always best to swim only where other people are around to help if you need it. When swimming even moderate distances away from shore, try to have someone in a boat accompany you.



DON'T . . . exercise too strenuously on week ends or during your vacation. Too strenuous exercise, especially if you are not accustomed to it, puts a heavy strain on heart and blood vessels. Some physical activity, however, is usually beneficial. Your doctor, taking into account your age and physical condition, can advise about the kind and amount of activity you may enjoy safely.



DO . . . learn the principles of First Aid. An accident or emergency may occur where you are. If you know how to take prompt and proper action before a doctor arrives, you will help to protect the victim, and may save his life. To do this, you may want to learn basic First Aid techniques, including artificial respiration. Your local branch of the St. John Ambulance Association will be glad to help you.



DON'T . . . take chances on overexposure to the sun. Starting slowly (about 10 minutes the first day) and tanning gradually may help avoid a painful or serious burn. In addition, if you stay out in the sun too long or exercise strenuously during the hottest part of the day, sunstroke or heat exhaustion may result. Getting out of the sun before you get too red or too hot is a wise safeguard.



DO . . . make sure, when you are away from home, that the water you drink is safe. Water that looks clear and tastes good may still contain disease-carrying germs. So when you are on vacation, or on week end hiking or camping trips, make sure the water is pure. If there is any doubt, you will be wise to boil it for at least five minutes.



DON'T . . . neglect cuts, bruises, or other minor injuries. Prompt First Aid should include cleaning the wound, applying a mild antiseptic and covering with a sterile bandage. This will lessen the chances of infection. Of course, if signs of infection appear, such as redness or swelling, a doctor should be consulted promptly.

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I Don't Like



"Don't be a sourpuss!" says this fugitive from a bassinette. I try to make like a doting father.

I AM a father—but I don't like babies!

Those nine words, each innocuous in itself, will probably bring to my door a horde of irate mothers, outrage in their eyes, mayhem in their hearts.

Before these women go off the deep end let me make myself very, very clear. CHILDREN I like. BABIES I can do without!

A Demanding Little Tyrant

That may seem a contradiction, but, to a man in particular, there is the world of difference between a baby and a child. A child is a little personality with character forming day by day, while a baby is a demanding little tyrant bent only on seeing his own needs satisfied no matter the expense to others in the household. I admit an infant has to make his wants known for he is a past master in the art of self-preservation. And I am satisfied that infants will go on demanding as long as there is the human race. But why do mothers expect the father to extol the virtues of a squalling bit of humanity with whom he has nothing in common?

Before any of you get the idea I am soured on babies because our son put my nose out of joint, I state flatly and honestly: long before we had a child my wife knew my sentiments where babies are concerned. She agreed with me that the first year of a baby's life is a mother's responsibility. But what happens after we become parents? Our home is darned near wrecked because I adhere to my views and wouldn't cuddle our wriggling few pounds of son, or go daffy the first time he burped without being patted on the back.

When I claimed a baby is his mother's responsibility for his first year, I meant just that. I would supply the cash, she

must supply the attention and care. But there is something about a normally intelligent and understanding woman when she becomes a mother. You have to bow to the baby—or else! My wife isn't any different from any other. She thought the minute we had a baby I would turn into the fatuous father the movies portray. Because I didn't, she became a nervous wraith of her former self. She accused me of not loving her. She claimed I wished we had never had the baby. She threatened to go home to mother. That we weathered out the first year of our son's life is still a miracle to me.

Her women friends were no help either. The female of the species seems to have got away from nature's original pattern that woman bears and rears the offspring, while the man provides for it. Somewhere along the line motherhood was glorified with the father as the comic relief who is supposed to tag along in the wake of swaddling clothes. That I refused this role made me, in the eyes of my wife and her women friends, a monster, an unfeeling ogre, who would in all probability like to chop babies into pieces and store them in my Gladstone. Friends' well-meant sympathy heaped faggots on an already blazing fire.

All I asked of my wife, and her friends, was to be let alone. I didn't object to being awakened in the middle of the night by a howling baby. I didn't mind eating a scrappy supper when my wife had spent the day soothing a teething baby. But I did object to being called away from a good book to look at a sleeping kid; to have him plumped in my lap when visitors came so I could look like the doting father; to being regaled for hours on end with the cute things an eight-week-old had done.

Babies

He's not a monster. He's not even tough.
He's just a hard-working family man
who debunks the theory that
everybody loves a baby



Bobby coaxes me to play



Next a stranglehold on my tie



I duck a quick right to the jaw.



Photographs by Paul Rocket

Help! He's got me in his grip.

I don't like babies. I can't see anything interesting in them, so why force them on me?

In an odd moment of honesty I once heard a mother admit the first few months of her baby's life were plain hard work, with little time or inclination for the traditional joy in a newborn. I'll bet my last collar button most mothers feel similarly.

Most Men Feel As I Do

The father too has to adjust to parenthood, but women expect him to do it overnight. Women seem to be equipped with a peculiar talent to make the metamorphosis from wife to mother a desirable and natural thing. A man who knows nothing of carrying and bearing a baby has to make the change more gradually. But what woman will let him?

What really stunned me about the whole business of us having a child was my wife's mortification and shame at my attitude toward babies in general and ours in particular. She felt me a sort of pariah and would not discuss it even with her family doctor who is my best friend. He called me aside one day, saying, "Jean has me absolutely buffaloed. She is perfectly all right physically, is getting along fine with the baby, but she is on the verge of a serious breakdown."

It took me about two seconds to tell him the cause of her near hysteria. His answer confirmed my belief that most men feel as I do. "I understand it now," he commented, "and I don't blame you a bit. I felt the same way about our two until they gained an interest in something other than their stomachs and dry diapers. Babies actually hold little pleasure for the average father. But if you could go a little out of your way to pay some attention to Bobby, I think it might make a big difference in Jean's mental state."

I would do anything for that wife of mine, so I made a real effort. I patted Bobby's head when I passed his crib; I talked to him; and I held his bottle. What happened? Jean positively beamed at me, then expected me to pat his head every time I passed and I had bottles shoved at me every four hours. I heard her glowingly tell a friend that I was "changing." She "just knew I would come around if she worked it right."

Continued on page 60

Yes, they're as luscious as they look!

It's the extra good things Swift's put into Premium Table-Ready Meats!



See this "help-yourself" meat platter? It's Martha Logan's idea for an eye-catching, good-tasting treat that will tempt your family. Easy to make! Arrange overlapping slices of deliciously-flavoured Luncheon Meat, tangy Macaroni and Cheese Loaf, and spicy chewy Salami. Centre with creamy cottage cheese and decorate with carrot rosettes topped with sliced ripe olive. (Fasten the paper-thin carrot petals with toothpick, tucked under olive slice.)

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BLUE GRASS BATH MITS, 1.25, 3.50

Elizabeth Arden

AT SMARTEST SHOPS IN EVERY TOWN

Start Next Year's Garden Now

by Helen O'Reilly

NOW IN JULY the hard-worked gardener has a breathing spell—the garden is "in," the annuals are placed, the perennials are blooming and the gardener is stretched contentedly in a deck chair. What is wrong with this picture? Well, for one thing, no gardener known to me wants to spend a month in a deck chair and, for another, gardeners like farmers are perfectionists, they are never satisfied!

The true gardener looks at his borders in July with an artist's eye and yearns for more color, masses of color, to set off and dramatize his flower-bed designs. Here a big splash of white is needed, there a special tone of pink or a blue with depth to it; this side calls for height, that edge for a contrasting accent, so it goes. The artist in flowers will find biennials an invaluable set of colors and, by growing them from seed, will get them in exact shades in luxurious quantity at the lowest possible cost.

Patience—the Gardener's Virtue

The biennials I have in mind are Canterbury bells, hollyhocks, forget-me-nots, foxgloves, sweet williams and violas. The nice things about them are that they require no spraying or dusting (unless you want to treat your hollyhocks against rust), and that they may be planted in your seed bed now when the rush and bustle of the spring months are over, and that they will grow a crown of leaves by the fall that will protect their roots over the winter. Their only drawback is that you must wait until next year to see their flowers and that, like annuals, they bloom in all their perfection for just one summer. That most of them seed themselves profusely may be classed as a blessing or a curse!

Making a seed bed and watching over your small nursery is not an arduous job—it calls for sustained interest and lots of patience, the very virtues of which gardeners are made! In order to germinate, these seeds require warmth, gentle, unfailing moisture, and protection from direct sunlight—as soon as



Photo courtesy Sheridan Nurseries

Foxgloves make enchanting group plantings. For next year's show, sow seeds now and transplant to permanent border this fall.

they push up their first tiny, threadlike stalks, they need plenty of light. A cold frame is ideal for starting seeds because it can be shaded easily and the glass can be put on quickly when disastrous rainstorms threaten, but a large, wide flowerpot, a "flat" (a shallow, oblong fish box very hard to come by in this era of the deep freeze!) or a patch right out in the garden will serve perfectly.

The soil should be porous, which means that sandy loam is first choice but that any good garden soil finely raked and mixed with very well-rotted manure or shredded peat moss will do very nicely; do not use chemical fertilizers here as they may burn tiny seeds. If your seed bed is a bit of the garden, dig it six inches deep and add enough earth to it to make the finished surface two or three inches higher than the surrounding level so that the bed will get good drainage. Now sow your seeds and

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cover them with soil four times their own thickness and pat them down firmly.

Plants to Give or Barter

Once the seeds are sown the bed must be kept shaded; a cold frame can be covered with an old sheet, a flowerpot or flat can be placed in a shady spot, and the outdoor bed can be protected by a frame of laths or stakes topped with sackings. Such a frame is easily made by nailing together an open square the size of your seed bed with a 12-inch leg at each corner and stretching the sackings across the top, tacking it all round; the result will look like a low table of the simplest possible design! This will not only shade your seeds adequately while they germinate, but later it will be useful to break a heavy fall of rain sufficiently to save the seeds from being washed out.

Now keep your seed bed constantly moist by gentle watering, remembering that even a few hours' dryness will kill the seeds but also that too much water will cause the dreaded "damping off" that is death to seedlings.

As the little plants begin to grow you may simply thin them out, but if you cannot bear to waste any of them you will transplant them to a row in the vegetable garden or to whatever space you can find for them until the fall or spring when you have decided on their ideal and final location. In this way you will have extra plants to give to your gardening friends—or to use in the good old game of barter!

So that you may not despair of your seed bed, here is the time the various seeds take to come up: Hollyhocks, sweet williams, violas, five to 10 days; Canterbury bells, forget-me-nots, foxgloves, 10 to 20 days.

The Seed-Grower's Rewards

Canterbury bells that make a spectacular showing are the big ones called *campanula calycantbema* (I shall give you the proper botanical name when I know it, not only to show off but because some seed catalogues are snooty that way). These are the ones called "cup-and-saucers" and they may be had in light blue, white, or a really heavenly pink; three or four plants together will give you an airy cascade of delicate bloom in July.

Hollyhocks grow to five and six feet so they make a striking background planting; if their lower leaves show spots of rust, take them off and burn them and dust the plant with a sulphur-lead arsenate combination which will keep off slugs too. The seeds are a comfortable size to handle and should be planted in rows three inches apart.

Foxgloves (*digitalis*) make enchanting group plantings. If your border is ready for it, you can transplant foxgloves to their summer home in the fall.

Sweet williams (*dianthus barbatus*) are most effective in solid colors. Sow in rows and be sure to mark them well for you will place these colors on your garden canvas before the plants flower!

Violas (I know no other name) will prove a perfect joy because they bloom so bravely in the early spring and, if constantly picked, flower all summer; if clipped back ruthlessly, leaves and all, in midsummer, they will come up again from the root and bloom until the heavy frost.

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My hair is oily!

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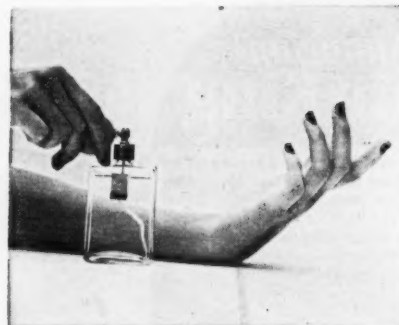


SHOWER YOURSELF WITH FRAGRANCE!

In the world of fragrance, there are many scents. And there are many ways the expert perfumer has of capturing a scent — and holding it for you to release for your own pleasure and the delight of those near you. One of these exquisite forms of fragrance is toilet water, a true perfume in less concentrated form. It is to be used lavishly as an added accent...splashed and sprayed here, there, and everywhere on your body...after your bath or shampoo, and from time to time during the day and evening.

Whatever scent you choose for your own, in whatever form — it should be the finest of the perfumer's art...lasting, yet refined...a true expression of your personality. Like the famous fragrances of Coty — great perfumes that have stood the test of time. Choose your

favorite—L'Origan, L'Aimant, Emeraude, or "Paris." You will especially enjoy it as a toilet water spray, as you veil yourself in a smooth, soft mist of fragrance. This month, Coty gives you an atomizer with your purchase of Coty Toilet Water at \$2.25. Ask for this special offer at your favorite toiletries counter.



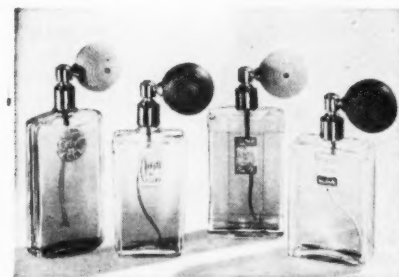
GLAMOUR FOR YOUR HANDS—Spray them with toilet water after drying. Your hands are one of your loveliest features. Gently fragrant, they speak softly and proudly of your feminine charm to everyone who's near you.



ACCENT FOR YOUR SHAMPOO—Sprinkle toilet water into the final rinse, to add the subtle emphasis of perfume to your hair. Between shampoos, spray it on your hair daily to keep it fresh and sweet. A fragrant "crowning glory."



CLIMAX FOR YOUR BATH—After a refreshing tub or shower, spray toilet water generously all over your skin. The warmth of your body will intensify and hold its fragrance, keep you softly scented and appealing for hours.



COTY TOILET WATER
L'ORIGAN • L'AIMANT • EMERAUDE • "PARIS"

Coty

JILTED

What is it like to be rejected by the man you love; to be an object of pity to your friends?



Q Mr. and Mrs. B. announce that the marriage of their daughter, Mary, to Mr. William H. will not take place.

It was just a notice in a newspaper, but to me it meant the end of my dreams and hopes for the future.

There's nothing unusual in my story. It has happened to hundreds of girls and will happen to hundreds more. Jokes about being left in the lurch—left at the church—are as prevalent as ones about mothers-in-law and fat people. But, unless you, yourself, have experienced it, you'll never know the bleak tragedy of having someone who was nearer to you than family, dearer to you than best friend, suddenly become a hostile stranger. From the warmth and security of being chosen and cherished, you stand alone. You feel rejected not only by the man you love but by life itself.

The only reason I can talk about it even now is to give other girls who are jilted the comfort of a shared experience and perhaps a

few short cuts from the black well of despondency to normal living.

Here is a brief outline of my story. Bill and I had been going together since high-school days. Our friends took us for granted . . . said we were meant for one another. Eventually, when we became officially engaged, they said it was a perfect match. Bill was offered a good job with a promising future in another town. We decided to postpone our marriage until he was firmly established. After all, what was a few months separation when we were going to spend the rest of our lives together? The time, I felt sure, would skip by like telegraph poles seen from a fast train. I was completely absorbed in collecting my trousseau, in preparing to set up light housekeeping and in writing long letters each night to Bill. I took our devotion for granted. Years of loving one another had surely sent down deep roots which couldn't be broken.

Two days before our wedding I received a letter from Bill telling me he couldn't go through with it . . . it wouldn't be fair to either of us. The sentences were short and jerky, obviously written under great stress. He explained that he had become an entirely different person since moving away. He had new interests, new friends. And finally, to clinch matters, he informed me he had met someone else he wanted to marry.

THE LETTER was like an explosion in my brain. The whole world stopped dead. If you've ever experienced overwhelming shock you'll know the dazed unreal first reaction. Somehow I managed to tell my parents. I saw them far off, as though I were looking through a telescope. This numbness lasted some hours and helped me through the dreadful mechanics of canceling wedding arrangements.

Eventually I came out of this anaesthetic and faced a period of torment and suffering I didn't believe could be endured. No wounded animal ever sought cover as desperately as I did. The whole town, I felt, was whispering and pointing fingers of scorn at me. Everything I believed in was gone. Bill had never loved me—of that I was sure. For years, probably, he'd been trying to get away from me. Those beautiful dreams I thought we shared together he was now perhaps holding up to ridicule with another girl. I was tortured by imagining the relief he must be feeling to have got out of the whole mess. I was nothing but a silly, empty-headed female, incapable of holding the love of any man.

Nights, of course, were the worst times. I'd lie awake going over and over in my tormented mind the years Bill and I had spent together—so many tender moments flooded my memory. He must have loved me! He couldn't have promised life-long devotion to me when he gave me my engagement ring. And, when he kissed me good-by there were tears in his eyes. That *couldn't* have been just an act. How, then, had I failed him? Had I smothered him with too much love? Had I been a tiresome clinging vine? My bitterness toward Bill was only outdone by the contempt I felt for myself . . . and which, I was sure, everyone who knew us now shared.

Even worse than this were the times I fell into exhausted sleep. Then my subconscious mind



Continued on page 53



Illustrated by Aileen Richardson

A-hunting She Will Go

MR. BISHOP, putting one foot in front of another along Edgecomb Drive, looked at the lights of No. 14 as though his home were a desert island and the curving street a rolling ocean. Ten hours earlier that day Mr. Bishop had left Edgecomb Drive to go into the city and turn himself loose among the purchasing agents. Returning to his office in midafternoon, Mr. Bishop had girded up his loins, adjusted his tie, tweaked his secretary's ear for good luck, then marched boldly and bravely into the sanctum sanctorum of Mr. Grooby and demanded a raise.

Five minutes later Mr. Bishop, his ears ringing from a stern lecture on the horrors of inflation, and the deadly spiral which would ensue if he Bishop should get a raise, slunk back to his desk.

"Did you get it?" asked his secretary.

"I got skunked," snarled Mr. Bishop.

Now with his newspaper under his arm, the city and the train ride behind him, he was almost home. A warm yellow glow emanated from the windows of No. 14. Mr. Bishop paused on the sidewalk and considered the stone and frame colonial. This at the end of the day was his haven, his castle—or it would be if he ever paid off the mortgage. This was home, philosophized Mr. Bishop, taking in new strength. This was the place where a man could take off his shoes and relax.

He opened the door and, overflowing with sentiment, stepped across the threshold and brought a number 10 shoe down on the tail of the dog that filled the entrance hall.

The dog let out a bloodcurdling howl. Mr. Bishop, leaping high, struck his head against the door lintel, and his daughter, who had gleefully watched the proceedings from the top of the stairs, lost her footing and tumbled down to land shrieking at her father's feet.

"Well, the heck with it," said Mr. Bishop. "I'll go back to the office."

His wife, Cora, appeared suddenly from the kitchen. She was slim and deft, dark-haired and soothing. In a moment she had stopped their daughter's tears and coaxed the dog out from behind the davenport. Mr. Bishop, meanwhile, addressed his home and family vehemently.

"I am the breadwinner," he declared passionately. "The provider. I leave here in the dark every morning to go out and tramp the streets in order to provide food and shelter for my family. When I get home at night I am entitled—"

"Yes, darling," Cora said. "That's just exactly what I've been wanting to talk to you about. I'm so glad you brought it up. It makes everything so much easier."

"I don't get it," said Mr. Bishop, feeling that he had got a curve instead of the fast ball he expected.

"We'll talk about it later," Cora said. "Dinner's almost ready. Julie, get your father his slippers. Sit down and read your paper."

Mr. Bishop was confused but mollified. Throughout dinner and afterward when Julie was being put to bed, Mr. Bishop admitted that his wife had a way with the household. When he had first married Cora, Bishop had been very much in love with her, but he



**"I won't just be a Mom!" said Mr. Bishop's wife, as she
sprang the trap on their old-fashioned marriage** *by Willard H. Temple*

had wondered how the mercurial high-spirited girl would fit into the pattern of domestic life. He needn't have worried, Mr. Bishop told himself now, seated across from her in the living room. Cora had proved herself a loving but firm mother, an excellent housekeeper and a fine cook. In short the ideal housewife.

"Now Charles," she said suddenly, "we can talk."

MR. BISHOP peered around the corner of his newspaper and smiled genially.

"I've been thinking for a long time, dear," his wife said, "that you do more than your share."

Mr. Bishop, who might privately have agreed, supposed he should be flattered but he only felt nervous.

"You work so terribly hard," said his wife.

"Uhuh," said Mr. Bishop, his blood pressure rising.

"I'm just a parasite."

Mr. Bishop put down the paper. "You feel all right?"

"Fine. It's just unfair that you do all the hunting and fishing."

Mr. Bishop was now alarmed and sweat broke out on his forehead. "Hunting?" he said. "I never hunted in my life. Fishing? I haven't fished since before we were married."

"Don't be so literal," his wife said. "Those are general terms. By hunting and fishing I mean you go out into the world each day and bring back the necessities of life."

"Hunting and fishing, hey?" said Mr. Bishop, baffled but game. "Okay, hon. If you want to play Indian, it's all right with me.

And now I'm back in the wigwam, hey? How about squaw woman fetching big chief pipe? Haw," said Mr. Bishop, relieved and retiring again to the sports page.

"That's just the point," his wife said. "And I won't have it any more."

"Have what?" said the big chief, getting annoyed.

"Your doing all the hunting and fishing. I'm going to hunt and fish."

"Somebody around here is nuts," said Mr. Bishop loudly, "and it isn't me—"

"I don't want to become a Mom."

"You've already become one," Mr. Bishop pointed out. "What's the matter, Julie get you down? What did she do, crayon on the wallpaper?"

"She was a lamb."

"Then that's a fine way to talk," Mr. Bishop said, violently aroused. "Suppose Julie overheard you, the kid would get a complex. And you know you're crazy about her."

"You don't understand," his wife said. "I'm using psychological terms. And of course you're complacent. You're a contributor."

Mr. Bishop looked belligerently at his wife. "Who said I'm a contributor?" he demanded.

"You contribute to the world's goods. You're not a parasite. You don't have to be so dense. You do all the work and it isn't fair."

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Bishop. "I'm dumb, but now I've got it. You confused me with that + Continued on page 33



REFRIGERATOR MEALS

by Marie Holmes
Director Chatelaine Institute

Want to get away from it all . . . away from the endless round of three meals a day? If so put your refrigerator to work. You'll be surprised how much it can do for you

OF COURSE you appreciate the convenience of your refrigerator. But do you know all it will do for you?

Have you probed its possibilities in the preparation of hot-weather meals? The Institute has been doing that very thing for weeks now. And our probing has uncovered so many meal-getting aids we've decided our refrigerator is equal to another pair of hands in the kitchen.

It practically gets breakfast, lunch and dinner and is at your service for between-meal refreshments, too. Here's how to make it work for you on warm lazy days:

Lunches and Suppers

Leftovers like cooked potatoes and meats, kept fresh and cold, make quick plate lunches or suppers.

Chilled canned meats will slice to perfection and be appetizing around a "crown" of potato salad. (See photo above.) Cheese-stuffed celery and radish roses crisp from the refrigerator add jewel-like color to the platter.

A merry-go-round vegetable salad plate like our arrangement in the picture could be a perfect summer supper. Lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, cauliflowers, washed and ready in the crisper, require only a last-minute arrangement around a bowl of your favorite salad dressing or mayonnaise. The cheese curls are made from medium-type cheese (in loaf form). Use a vegetable peeler as you would in making carrot curls. Hold with toothpicks until ready to serve.



Dishes courtesy T. Eaton Co. and Josiah Wedgwood & Sons (Canada) Ltd.

Sandwich fillings all ready to spread can come from your refrigerator for last-minute picnic lunches or outdoor suppers.

Molded meat and vegetable salads will set quickly and be cool and refreshing when turned out and garnished with greens.

Fresh fruits (except bananas) retain freshness and flavor longer in your refrigerator. Clean berries as soon as they come from the market, sugar if desired, then store until time to serve. They'll be fine for dessert "as is" or for shortcakes. Chilled cream to go with them, too.

Ice cubes from the freezer tray will solve the cool beverage problem of iced tea or coffee.

Dinners

If you like to begin with soup—serve it chilled (if there's a hot dish to follow). Many condensed canned soups are delicious this way. Just follow the regular procedure for condensed tomato, asparagus or green pea. Chill can for several hours, open, add an equal quantity of cold milk. A couple of turns with an egg beater make sure the mixture is smooth. Quicker still and most inviting is chilled consommé. It will "jell" in the refrigerator. Spoon it out and garnish with carrot shreds (see it in the pretty bowls above). Other garnishes are finely chopped celery, chives or hard-cooked eggs.

Your refrigerator stores meat—fresh, frozen and cooked—on a deep shelf, in meat pan or freezer.

It sets jellied meat loaves (like our veal mold above)—so good with a hot vegetable casserole for dinner.

Vegetables from the garden if washed and stored in crisper can go on to cook in a jiffy. Frozen vegetables can be kept frozen in frozen food compartment. They're quick cookers, too. With cabbage, lettuce, spinach and other greens washed and crisped, a tossed salad for dinner calls only for a deft hand and good dressing.

Desserts are no problem for any summer dinner if you let your refrigerator make them. For example, it makes ice cream or stores it. It makes a frozen pie like our orange one above or a chilled pie of graham cracker crust, whipped filling and fresh fruit garnish.

Breakfasts

Your refrigerator chills the starter fruit juices and keeps fresh fruit longer.

Keeps berries frozen to top off the cereal.

Keeps eggs fresh for the morning omelet or "ham and."

Prevents the bread for toast from becoming moldy. Wrap the loaf!

Keeps milk sweet for the cereal or for drinking.

Keeps pancake or waffle batter on hand for several breakfasts.

Between Meal Coolers

Lemon syrup in the refrigerator's a boon for a speedy thirst quencher.

Carbonated beverages "on ice" are handy for homemade sodas. Milk shakes are the refrigerator's specialty. *Continued on page 49*

Help!

Gordon Sinclair, sissy and cry-baby, calls on women to bring about

IN THE early thirties, with Canada in the grip of a world depression, a friend of mine graduated from Varsity as a mining engineer and joined other thousands in a discouraging search for work. Three months later his lonely father died leaving my friend dividend-bearing stocks worth, in those depressed days, \$77,000. Income from those stocks was \$325 a month and the best steaks were but 31 cents a pound.

Four months after that my friend got a mucker's job far underground in a Manitoba mine and that persuaded him to marry the childhood sweetheart so often described in predigested fiction. Financially he could have wed much earlier, but the ideal of that day was "a job and security."

The young couple had a few months of the idyllic sort of rapture that goes with slick fiction, but the soap-opera stage, with its tearful problems and corny domestic spats, was close behind.

Marge, which is not her name, didn't like the mining town, didn't like the soiled and sweaty way in which Jerry often came home and, in short, just didn't like.

The most stupid of Jerry's several ways of appeasing her was to turn over to her his \$77,000. With apologies yet!

"Look here, Marge, I know it's dirty work. I know it's no job for a university man. I know we have enough money to live without working. But that's not it. That's not the idea. Can't you see, honey? A guy has to be true to himself. I'm not just quoting Shakespeare. In a couple years I can be resident engineer. Actually this present job is all to the good because I'm learning what this mining game is all about. So okay I might be hurt. Tell you what I'm gonna do. I'll sign all we've got over to you. Then if I'm hurt you carry on the domestic task of the Clan Ross and we're okay till I get well again . . . right?"

Marge said right.

On a sad winter's day a few months afterward there was an underground explosion and Jerry was there.

In that explosion he lost both his eyes forever and ever.

Today, and for the past 15 years, my friend Jerry Ross has been a quiet name in a quiet institution where they make brooms. He's broke and empty and bitter and blind.

His wife is rich and he made her rich. The \$77,000 at rebound postwar values is \$180,000 and Marge, who has drawn \$200 a week in dividends for these many years, has long since refused to answer his letters.

She has never helped her husband, never supported him from his own money, never encouraged him and seldom seen him since the smash.

Countless Safeguards for "Weaker" Sex

No Canadian wife, under any condition or set of conditions, is responsible for her husband's debts or his keep. No matter where the money comes from in the beginning, she is not called upon to support him for one minute of one hour of one day.

He must support her, in sickness or health, for all time. He must do this on threat of prison. She, who could be an heiress of many millions, need not support her husband for one single hour.

Isn't it time that we in Canada got equal rights for men in cases of this kind?

Isn't it time that women themselves took a good hard look at the countless safeguards and protections they are offered. Today thousands of Canadian wives are competitors in the field of economics with their own husbands. The husband must support the wife, the wife need not support anybody, not even herself.

The case of Marge and Jerry is as true as the fact that Ottawa is the capital of Canada and there are thousands of others just like it. Thousands!

I can show you stacks of blue legal files in which Canadian husbands are trying to regain possession of houses they built or bought or inherited. A woman stands between them and that house. She's a selfish and legally fortified wife, jealously guarding her privileges.

In the story of Marge and Jerry I'd like to give you the right name to this example of monumental selfishness, but I dare not under the libel laws.

She now lives in a swank Vancouver apartment because Jerry had friends in Toronto and the poor thing was sometimes running into them with awkward aftermaths. So Marge is quite cosy in Vancouver, knowing that only one slip, which she's too selfish and too sharp to make, will give Jerry a chance for the divorce which he couldn't afford to pay for in any case.

That one civil law, libel, protects us of the oppressed minority—the men of Canada—but think of the dozens of rules and laws and taboos which protect women but do not, and never will, defend or protect the masculine minority.

Hands Off . . . Women Only!

Let's start with the marriage vow. We men solemnly swear in the presence of witnesses that we'll give the little woman *everything*.

"With *all* my worldly goods I thee endow."

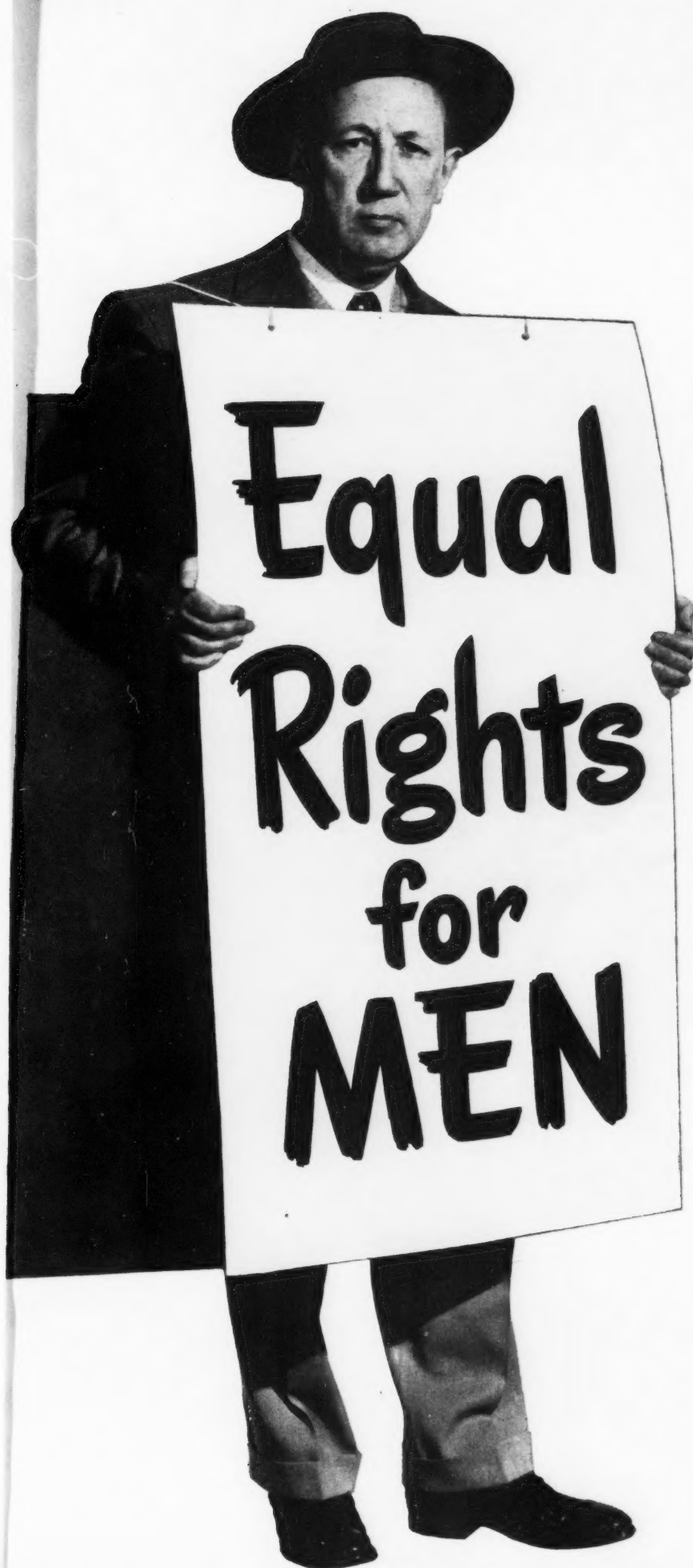
Those are the words, aren't they? And they say *ALL*. Not 80%, or 90% and not even the mythical 99%—but *all*.

The bride promises to love, honor and cherish. It used to be love, honor and obey and you remember the hullabaloo that went up to have that word obey crippled and killed.

So all right, Johnny Canuck, you are now married. You have undertaken to support a woman for the rest of your days and after you are dead and in your grave you provide her with an estate.

She doesn't have to support you or provide any estate. Let's suppose she wins the Irish sweep and collects \$100,000; or maybe an old uncle in Voodoo Bend leaves her half a million. You are not entitled to one cent of this money. If you should be stricken with cancer and sent to hospital you can wind up in a charity ward and later be buried in a \$12 box at the town's expense. She, with a fortune, is not responsible for you or any part of you. You, on the other hand, must support that wife no matter how much money she has of her own.

You are responsible for her debts; all of them. If you die without a will a third of everything you own goes to that woman. If she dies



without a will you have a slim chance of getting anything, no matter how much she leaves.

If you try to make a will in which you leave her less than a third it's invalid. If she makes a will leaving everything she has and everything you gave her to the Castoff Cat Crematorium, the crematorium gets the dough and you get the air.

Suppose you insure your life in favor of your wife and then find yourself stuck and unable to pay the premiums. You'd probably like to borrow against that policy, or maybe cancel it altogether. You can't do it, brother; you are stuck! Unless the wife agrees in writing, and in the presence of witnesses, you can't borrow against that policy.

Some distraught husbands get around this by changing the beneficiary. This can be done if you have a certain selected group of close relatives: son or daughter, mother or father. You can change the beneficiary so that one of these persons gets the dough in case you die. Then they can visit the insurance office with you, and sign the paper, so that you can borrow your own money at six per cent. If you have neither children nor parents you can't borrow at all unless the wife says so.

Take a look at mortgages. If a man owns a house, or a farm, or a chicken ranch either by himself or with his wife he can borrow money on it. But he can't make a move unless Mama agrees. Take my own personal case. I own three properties. I bought them, paid for them and use them. They are entirely and absolutely mine, but I cannot sell them, rent them, or borrow against them unless my wife says so. She contributed little but controls all.

She too has property. I personally bought it for her and gave it to her. I have no control over any part of that property. She has absolute control over mine.

In the field of criminal law there are 19 specific acts protecting females against males, but not one—not a single one—protecting males against females.

Can any unselfish woman tell me there haven't been countless cases in which young boys have been seduced by older women? Of course there have! Plenty of them! But the entire record of my province (Ontario) shows no case in which any woman has ever been arrested, let alone tried and convicted, for seduction.

How about indecent exposure? Many a woman has been guilty of this sort of exhibitionism, in parks, apartments, bathing beaches and scores of other places, but the records of Ontario show no single case in which a male has been a complainant against a female.

Various goon gangs are currently running around Toronto, and elsewhere, in which it's considered fun to molest or insult young couples parked in secluded spots. Such gangs are usually about two thirds male and one third female. So take a look at what happens the few who get caught. The boys are named in print and either fined or jailed. The girls, safely hidden behind nameless platitudes, get suspended sentences.

Any female who *does* go to a prison or reformatory automatically and instantly goes there under an indeterminate sentence . . . "Two years less a day . . . one year less a day," and so on. That "less a day" is the gimmick. It says ♦ Continued on page 43



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Liking shadows, but always in the limelight. Seeking joy
and finding sadness. She had nothing . . . yet everything
. . . to cry for. This was Stephanie

DEBUTANTE

by Mosser Maugher

Illustrated by Larry Harris

SHE MET HIM in an absurdly odd sort of way. She was carrying a glass of champagne. She was carrying it very carefully, her small round chin held high, balancing the glass with one hand, managing her stiff taffeta skirt with the other, and looking bewitchingly as if she expected to meet somebody very important any moment.

She was, in fact, fleeing.

The room was filled with gaiety and glitter and a delicious warmth, and girls flitting about like butterflies, and boys dark and thin and tall and gallant. The third pink-checked boy stopped her. "Ah, com' on! This phonograph music is better than the orchestra was." He held out his arms.

It had been a tea dance; it was after nine o'clock now; the orchestra had prudently gone home. But somebody had switched on the phonograph, and the party was going on; it seemed to be getting warmer and more intimate by the second.

Demurely, Stephanie shook her head. "Be back in a minute," Stephanie Mebane said. She looked at him through her lashes. He stood his ground stubbornly a moment, and then his eager eyes dropped in confusion. He gave way.

It was amazing; it was wonderful, that she could disconcert them so easily. Her heart beat a fast giddy thunder in her ears, and it was frightening too.

Balancing the glass, she fled into the hall. The big apartment was familiar. She had come here often during her childhood, for she and Beth Gilliland had attended the same private school. Stephanie stood now, looking this way and that.

Tansley, the butler, nodded to her from his place near the front door. She flashed him a mute question.

"Your father is in the library, miss, I think, with Mr. Gilliland," Tansley said stiffly.

Only Thad wasn't her father. Thad was her stepfather; she regarded him with amusement and with fondness, but he was not her father.

"Oh, I'm glad." Her eyes were deep violet, lively in the small cameo face. She felt reassured somewhat at the thought of Thad. "I was afraid he hadn't come for me yet, Tansley."

SHE WENT hurrying off. She knew her way perfectly. She looked fragile and little and like something painted on Dresden china, and yet in reality she was firm and round. A sadness tugged at her mouth, especially when she was off guard, as now. She had on a cocktail suit the color of sunny apricots. Her hair was satiny and fair, parted down the centre in back and drawn forward over her ears in tiny puffs. Her shoes were black and satiny, with jeweled buckles.

The library door stood slightly ajar. Stephanie knocked, nevertheless, politely, and there was no answering sound over the sound of laughter and music from the drawing-room. Stephanie entered, gratefully, and closed the door behind her.

It was a masculine room, a little shabby, even. It was utterly deserted, and she sighed, and got her breath.

There was the soft crackling of the fire, and the muffled tone of the wind flinging snowflakes at the window like daisies on a garland.

She looked about in the shadows for a potted plant, a vase of flowers. She wanted desperately to be rid of the glass of champagne.

She liked the shadows. She liked the stillness, the peace here, particularly. Mr. Gilliland was a charming man; Thad thought so, and now she thought so too. The champagne glass annoyed her, and she decided to be rid of it, once and for all.

Pressing her skirt tightly against her, she squeezed past the desk, she almost stumbled over a footstool in the dimness, she leaned tiptoe against the sofa and reached to open the wide window. A swoosh of cold wind, a handful of tingling snow, touched her round bare shoulder. At the same instant a mild, smooth, male voice said, "Hey, there! That's champagne."

THE GLASS was snatched from her startled grasp, saved from being flung 20 stories down into the park. A form moved in the shadows below her on the worn sofa.

She did not know him. She had never seen him before. She stepped backward, all her panic in her again. It was as if incredibly all her fear had come together in a sharp point, and was pricking at her backbone. She was struck numb, and she would have burst into tears if she were the sort of person who cried. But she never cried.

She had nothing to cry about.

Biddy had always told her that. "My, my. Such a pretty! You've got nothing to cry about," Biddy had always said. And it was true, undeniably true, so that Stephanie was ashamed to cry, even as a child, into her pillow, even when her pony died, or she had the mumps and could not go on the picnic with her mother and Thad. It had been a long time since she had felt a need to cry.

She was placid and obedient, and rather shy; but it was not the shyness of vanity, of feeling herself superior to others in some strange and secret way. It was the shyness of being very young and unspoiled.

"Don't be frightened," the young man said, and sat up abruptly and reached to switch on the lamp on the little endtable. "I'm harmless."

His eyes were full of mischief in + Continued on page 26



They were perfect for one another. But poles apart in their ideas of what makes life worth living

MAY I come aboard?"

Russ Barker looked over his shoulder and almost fell out of the boat with shock. A moment ago Helen Nash had been a thousand miles away and six months back in his memory. Now here she was climbing out of the sea, a mermaid in a French swim suit, the sort of vision that makes men go down to the sea in ships or anything else that will float.

Russ searched around for his voice. It turned up as a croak and a whistle, like a radio between two stations. "Hello. Did you swim all the way?"

"Just from the beach." Helen took off her cap, and her blond hair was a ripple of sunlight in the bright day. "I came in on yesterday's plane."

"Oh." His voice still didn't seem to be on the right beam. He cleared his throat and abstractedly stroked the boat a few yards through the deep blue water. "Have a nice trip?"

Exasperation did its best to mar Helen's classic features. "Is that all you have to say after six months?"

Russ had finally cleared the static from his voice. "Eh? Oh no. You're looking well." The swim suit did very little to obstruct the view of her physical condition.

"Oh, well," Helen said resignedly, and did her best to lounge negligently on the bottom of the boat, "you look well, too."

Silence for a while. The water lapped gently against the boat and flying fish skidded like ricocheting silver bullets across the surface. The boat drifted over a patch of coral and the water turned to a clear green. Below it rainbow-colored fish flashed away at the disturbance.

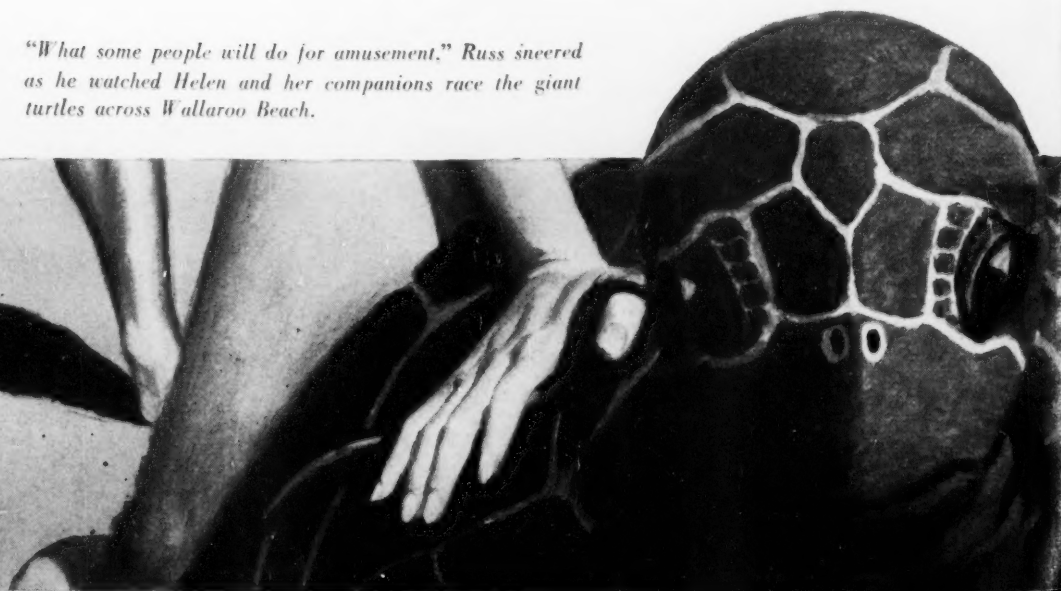
"I'd expected to see you before this," Helen said.

"I live over on the other side of the island."

+

Continued on page 38

"What some people will do for amusement," Russ sneered as he watched Helen and her companions race the giant turtles across Wallaroo Beach.



Come Live With Me

by Jon Cleary

Illustrated by Clyde Ross





MGM

Hollywood's Latest Triangle

THE SUPER CHIEF'S scarlet and silver diesels gathered speed. We streaked out of Los Angeles, through a mountain pass, and commenced zephyring back across tawny desert, eastern bound at a hundred miles an hour.

I took my shoes off, put my feet up on the downy softness of powder-blue airfoam cushions, and whistled a thoughtful whistle.

"So that," I thought to myself at the end of my third sojourn among the professional dream-makers in two hectic decades, "so that is what's happened to Hollywood."

For the third time I had managed to hit the gathering force of the wave of the future. Twenty years ago I had bounded into the west coast never-never land, a breathless young star gazer. The phrase that changed the life story of the movies had just emerged from the painted lips of the Jazz Singer.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," said Mr. Al Jolson; and lo, the silver screen was talking.

Remember the consternation when it was discovered that the swoon-man's voice squeaked, and the day of John Gilbert's passionate lovemaking—along with Mr. Gilbert—was over? Remember the high falsetto Mr. Gilbert Roland seemed to have, and . . . was it a lisp that turned William Haines overnight from a solid leading man to a back-of-scenes interior decorator? They were talking about the hopelessness of reblocking the It Girl's Brooklynese . . . and Clara Bow married a rancher and went away.

It was a curious time to be in Hollywood. The open-door policy for the heretofore scorning (and scorned) stars of the legitimate stage was now in force. Welcome were the drawing-room smoothies—Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, Ruth Chatterton; the stage players whose profiles hadn't made the close up grade before, like Helen Hayes, Ethel Barrymore, Henry Fonda; the Eddie Cantors, the George Jessels . . . all the song and dance people with something to say and to warble.

On that first visit I caught the sound track of a crazy circus town turning into a community of professional actors and actresses, directors, producers and technicians beginning to study the science of the new medium.

Under the auctioneer's block were to go many of the rococo mansions, the crazy house décors, the fabulous parties, the garish clothes. The new artists, writers and movie makers were to build a solid colony of elegant estates, sound family setups and a professional and often intellectual backlog of citizenry that was the new snobbery.

Hollywood began to assume the outlines of any other section of the country with its quota of wealthy landowners and businessmen and women, who indulged in the mores of the rich—some commendable, some questionable—anywhere.

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"I first went to Hollywood during the turmoil of the talkies,"
says Lotta Dempsey. "Next came the threat of radio and the all-powerful Sponsor.
But this time I saw the movies facing their greatest crisis"

The caperers, the blatant extroverts settled into a predictable lunatic fringe. And there it was—apparently for good.

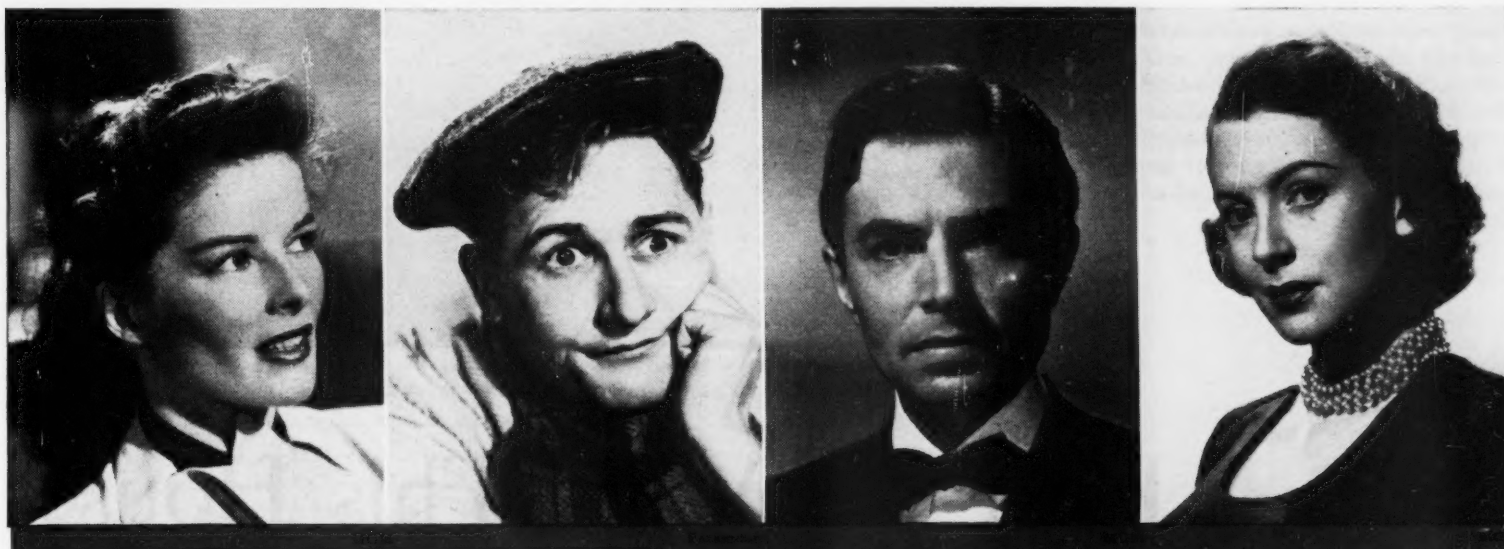
And yet, the residue of glamour had stayed. The eternal mystery of Garbo . . . the husky guttural tones of that new actress everyone was talking about . . . Marlene something . . . They hadn't killed the dream—partly, perhaps, because you and I wouldn't let them. This was our cabin in the sky, and nobody was going to potshot it down.

That Menace—the Sponsor

Ten years later I went back, as the second big tornado hit Hollywood. It followed in the wake of a mild-looking balding

businessman, who seemed harmless enough. But the chill he cast over the movie colony made any of Lon Chaney's sinister performances seem like lamb's play on the green. He was the Sponsor. The big-time magnate who had discovered the selling power of the radio chains, and he invited everyone to sit at home and listen to their favorite entertainment . . . for free.

You'll remember how, in the prewar years, that invitation was taken up with startling effect. People began to stay away from picture houses in packs. The west coast headquarters of CBS, NBC and the other mighty veins of sound that threaded the world with Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Abbott and Costello, were muscling in on Hollywood's four corners Sunset and Vine. The lines of + Continued on page 45



KATHARINE HEPBURN, like a great many other stars, is jumping into stage work to brush up on audience technique. Actors must have this audience contact before they can make the grade in TV.

ALAN YOUNG is the radio-movie man who didn't find his medium till he hit video. He represents a new vital type of eager beaver. In TV they have to be strong and hearty to stand the grind.

JAMES MASON and other English stars have soared in popularity since J. Arthur Rank sold English films to American TV when it couldn't get American movies. Even the bugbear of the English accent is accepted.

DEBORAH KERR is typical of the performing commuter, which is the new international set. She has just returned from a sojourn in Africa, and after a breathing spell takes off for Rome to star in "Quo Vadis."



WILLIAM BOYD (Hopalong Cassidy) is important as a go-between. He has made movies and television realize they can work together with mutual benefit in audience building. Bing Crosby is one of the first stars to make two-reelers for TV.

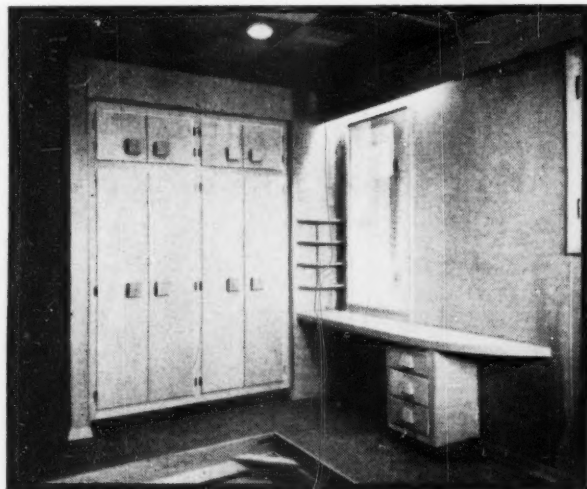
On the opposite page Clark Gable poses with his new wife, the former Lady Ashley. He and Jimmy Stewart represent the new trend for popular screen lovers to turn their backs on Hollywood glamour girls and marry into the social register.



Mrs. Donald M. Rogers and her husband told Henry Armstrong, the engineer-builder of their new home, exactly what they wanted in the way of planned storage space—plenty of cupboards, drawers for linen and shelves for books. The house is located in Thorncrest Village, Islington, Ontario.

Built-Ins Make This House

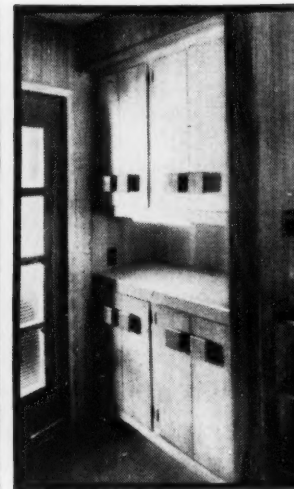
Plan your storage space as you would your house. It pays big dividends in convenience and appearance. *by John Caulfield Smith, Home Planning Editor*



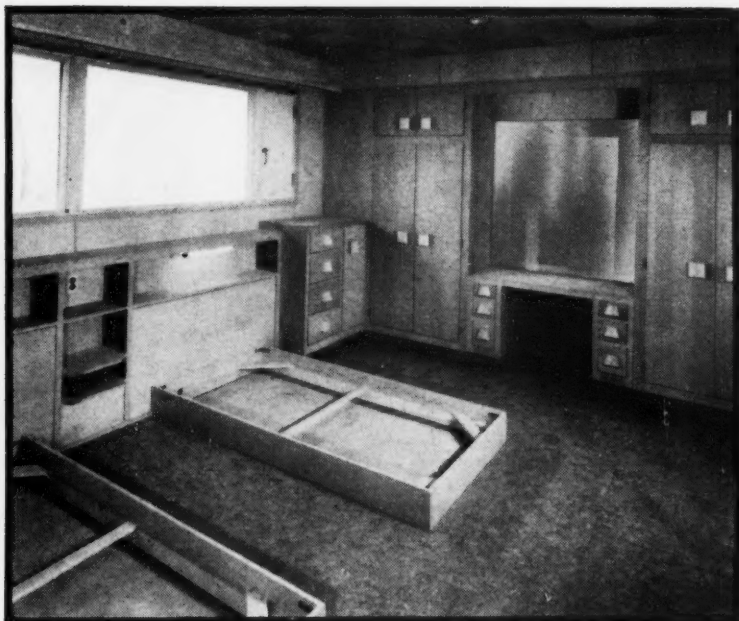
VANITY. Lucky the girl who has a neat arrangement like this in her bedroom. To left, full-length clothes closet. To right, vanity shelf mounted on chest. Valance is recess for lighting.



BUFFET. In the dining room a handsome projecting buffet is beautifully executed in mahogany plywood. Note mirrored recess for display of fine silver. Drawers accommodate linen.



SERVERY. This useful cupboard is located between the dining room and kitchen. Handy for storing fine china and items not in daily use. A tubular lamp lights the counter top.



BEDROOM. This view of owner's bedroom, looking toward Mrs. Rogers' storage wall shows interesting bed construction. Simple frame to support spring and mattress is placed against clever headboard designed to hold radio, telephone and books. The vanity dresser in this case separates two large closets.



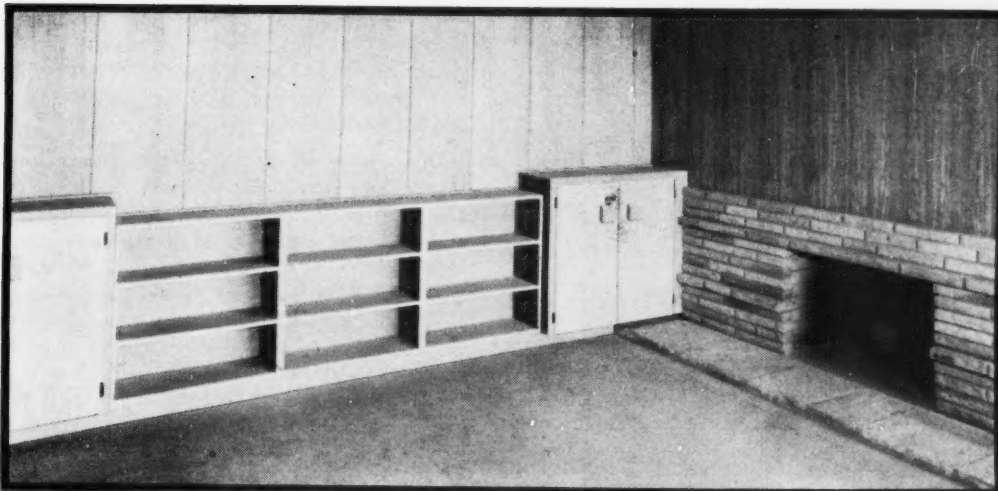
KITCHEN. Generously lighted kitchen is happy, efficient place in which to work. Plywood, admirably suited for construction of cupboards, is equally adaptable in old houses as well as new ones. The interesting "peninsula" provides a spot for breakfasts and snacks, and is covered with durable linoleum, just like the counter top itself.

NO TWO ROOMS and no two households have exactly the same storage problems. It's up to you to study your own needs and build your cupboards and closets around the things that must be accommodated.

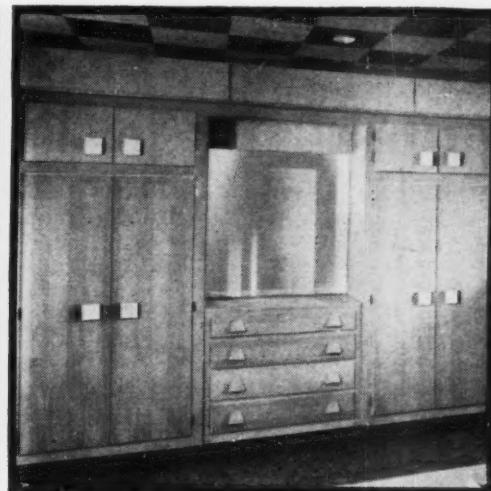
Plywood has been used for the ingenious built-ins shown on these pages. The material provides beauty, permanence and efficiency of upkeep. It's easy to cut and nail, and may be applied by the amateur craftsman.

Any number of different finishes are possible. In this case clear sealer was applied, followed by rubbing with steel wool, then the process was repeated and wax put on. This enhances the natural beauty of the wood.

Drawings of the built-ins shown here are available for 10 cents. Write Home Planning Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



BOOKCASES. Living room corner provides study in textures. Across one wall extends a cabinet bookcase unit, well proportioned and serving a multitude of needs. Wall against which it stands is faced with korima plywood, with contrasting wall in California walnut plywood over the ledgestone fireplace.



WARDROBE. Mr. Rogers' storage partition occupies entire bedroom wall. Two ample clothes closets, with compartments above for dead storage, flank spacious chest with mirror. Continuous toe space makes floor care easy.



Husbands in the Making

by Mary Jukes

A YEAR AGO Miriam Cox of Winnipeg was in the same spot as hundreds of other Canadian mothers. She had four men in her life—a husband and three sons. Although her home was fitted with most of the electrical aids to an easier-day-for-the-housewife, the house had 10 rooms, all of them large. Paid help came and went, mostly went, and the number of jobs that had to be done first thing in the morning seemed to Miriam too many for one person.

One evening, at the end of one of "those days," she and her husband Phil sat down and did some reckoning. Miriam asked him this question, "What kind of sons do we want—helpless, spoiled brats who will grow up to be selfish, demanding husbands, or the other kind?"

Next day Philip announced, "Okay, boys, away with the feather mattresses and up with your sleeves."

Stephen, who was then almost seven, fell heir to the alarm clock. Although he and Michael (not quite six) were always awake before it went off, the alarm was the signal to start moving. The routine was this: get up, dress, make your beds, then divide and separate—Michael to go downstairs and let out "the girls," two honey-colored cockers, and on into the kitchen to squeeze the orange juice; Stephen to stay upstairs and dress his youngest brother Tony, aged two.

It didn't all happen at once and it took a lot of patience on everyone's part. As Miriam observed, "So often it would have been easier to give up and do it myself," but results showed them that if you want a pleasanter home life, nicer happier children, give them responsibility and see that they carry it out.

Of course it all eased that early-morning rush for Miriam, but those who really profited were the boys. Beginning the day with definite jobs on a co-operative basis has matured them, in little over a year, from rather helpless little dependents who had spent their first hour in the morning in tiresome squabbling, into alert independent personalities. As for Tony, he's three now and so determined to get into the game, he'll soon be dressing himself.

And if you are afraid there's a danger of making sissies out of your sons by training them to help you now—and their wives tomorrow—just have a brush with one of the Cox lads and you'll change your mind in a hurry. +



The boys help their mother by sharing such early morning tasks as dressing Tony. "Put your foot right in there, McSweeney!"



Michael squeezes oranges for five each morning. He has developed a nifty curve in spinning empty skins to the kitchen sink.



"Come on, Gentle Hearts, get going." Another of Michael's early-morning jobs is letting out "the girls," a pair of shy cockers.



Although their mother often straightens the spread after the boys have left for school, Stephen needs no lessons in bedmaking.

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—with its 15 different garden vegetables and good beef stock.
Crisp Crackers Cherry Cobbler Milk



Lunch 2 SOUP AND SANDWICH

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
—made with whipping cream and fine cultivated mushrooms.
Tongue and Lettuce Sandwich Radishes and Carrot Sticks Coffee



Lunch 3 SOUP, SANDWICH AND DESSERT

Campbell's Tomato Soup
—made with the world's finest tomatoes, creamery butter.
Bacon and Peanut Butter Sandwich Lemon Gelatin Cocoa



Lunch 4 SOUP AND SALAD

Campbell's Green Pea Soup
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Cheese Sticks Fresh Fruit Salad Tea

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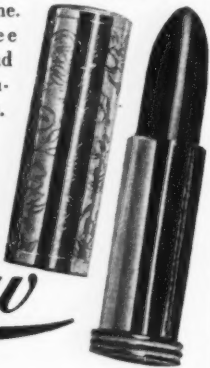


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THE
New
Tangee
LIP STICK

Debutante

Continued from page 17

the sudden bright light. The fire had flared up with the wind from the open window, and a log popped, and she jumped. His face was droll. His burnished red hair was like a peaked cap for his head. He had freckles over his nose, and thick lashes, and a wide generous wry mouth, as if every word he uttered tasted marvelously tart. He raised his arms, holding the champagne glass high. "No guns. No hidden weapons of any sort. Believe me, I'm harmless."

Stephanie drew a breath.

He continued to regard her gravely. He was older than the majority of the boys she had been dancing with all the evening. She saw with an unexpected flash of awareness that his collar was frayed. He was probably a clerk, a lawyer getting a start, a broker learning about stocks and how to squire elderly wealthy widows to lunch. He was undoubtedly from an excellent family, with a good sound name, on somebody's social secretary's list, invited to parties like this to swell the stag line, who had come for the food and the drinks. He drained her glass now, watching Stephanie over the rim, still quite serious in spite of the mischief that glittered behind his thick lashes.

She held herself taut. She waited for the bantering to begin. It was always like that; all conversation was teasing. Nobody ever talked seriously to her.

"Shall we get rid of the glass?" he said.

Wordlessly Stephanie nodded, and waited, her brilliant eyes wide. He tossed the glass over his shoulder out the window. They heard the wind howling. They heard the muted sound of the traffic far below in the street. She leaned over the open window, and looked down, like a child, full of amazement.

"You'll catch your death," he said gravely.

There was nothing but the soft whirling snow and the wind blowing giant's puffs against her cheeks. She could not see the trees tossing below in the park in the gale.

"I always pity the trees on a night like this," Stephanie said. "The wind tears at them so."

He stood up behind her and reached around with his long arms, and closed the window with a little bang. "Good for them. Wind is for trees what adversity is for character. It strengthens."

She said, turning to look into his droll face, "Is that true?"

"It must be." He shrugged and moved backward. He dropped his hands. "Why otherwise would we have sadness? Why would we have wind?"

She cocked her head. She was like a small puppy watching him anxiously. "Then that is what is the matter with me." She nodded triumphantly. "I have had no sadness."

FOR AN instant he did not answer. He ran his strong fingers through his red hair, and straightened his tie, and generally made himself more presentable. "It might be the other way," he said. "It might be that you have had too much sadness."

Her eyes warmed and were misty. A gentleness came about her mouth. "You

are nice," she said, deciding it quite naively.

He said, "You're tired."

"A little." Her nose crinkled delightedly; she yawned, and hid the yawn behind both hands. "My bedtime is 10 o'clock," Stephanie said. "This is my first deb party. I do not come out myself until next Friday, but mother thought it would do me good to come tonight to see how these things go, and besides Beth Gilliland is my best friend and really, it has been fun, simply scads of fun."

"You should put periods."

Stephanie said, soberly, "I beg your pardon?"

"Periods," repeated the young man. "Between sentences."

They had talked about trees. They had talked about sadness. They had talked about sentences. She had never held such a conversation before. She was intrigued. She sank down on the sofa and a nice thing came into the room between them.

She smoothed out her skirt. "Tell me?"

"Yes?" he said.

Her lashes dropped; her head drooped. Color came in her cheeks like stars. "Did you have a tree? Did you have a special tree when you were a child?" Stephanie said. "I did. Mine was the lilac bush by the swimming pool. I could go there. Nobody could find me. I could see the world and people and nobody could see me."

He sat down beside her. He took her hand in his, their little fingers curled together, and it was a natural thing; it was a rare and wondrous thing. "Listen," he said largely. "I had the darndest tree of all!" He crossed his ankles and made himself comfortable. "Mine was a maple tree, down back of the garage. I could go there when I didn't want to wipe the dishes. There weren't any girls in our family, and I'll be dogged if my mother couldn't think up some awful things for boys to do."

"Then you were poor," Stephanie said, catching her breath.

The young man chuckled. "So to speak."

"And you probably still look after your mother?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I do."

And it was like that. They could talk freely. They were friends.

They sat there on the sofa, holding hands, and the lamp shed its light and the fire burned down to faint blue-black flames leaping behind the intricate brass fender.

"I want to tell you," Stephanie said. He pressed his thumb against her thumb lazily. "Tell me?"

She closed her eyes, shamed and weak before him. "About the champagne," Stephanie said, very low.

"Does it make you ill? Is that it?"

She stood up all in a gesture. She put her hands behind her. "It—it makes me tipsy," she said, meeting his look, "even a sip." And then it was all right; it was understood and not shameful.

THEY WERE laughing. His laugh was loud and hearty and shattered the trance they had been in. He did not laugh with his eyes nor with his mouth alone. The laughter came from deep inside, catching her up, rollicking and echoing in the room, bringing time alive, making her all in an instant regretful and aware of time passing.

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FREE! Personal sample, in plain envelope. Write Mrs. Helen Graham, Dept. L-70, 1019 Elliott Street West, Windsor, Ontario.

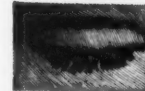
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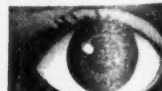
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Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief? ...

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"I must go." Stephanie started toward the door.

He said, getting up and following her halfway across the room, "Meet me tomorrow." He halted there, jamming his hands in his trousers pockets and regarding her steadily.

"I couldn't, I couldn't." She was not tired now; she was not sleepy. She pirouetted about, her sunny skirt billowing out. "You've forgotten. My party is next Friday, and I've appointments and fittings and—"

She met his eyes steadfastly.

"Meet me in the park," he said. "Just inside the entrance in front of this building."

"Biddy wouldn't let me," she said. "You don't understand, I'm not on my own, every minute of my day is planned and taken."

He said, "Who the devil is Biddy?" He had temper. It was surprising to discover the temper along with his kindness and mildness.

"She's mother's secretary. She used to be my governess, but since I've been 16 they've had to call her mother's secretary. She goes everywhere with me."

He said stubbornly, "I'll be waiting a little after three tomorrow afternoon."

She smiled and shook her head. "Good night," she said with her lips, soundlessly. She fumbled for the door-knob and found it after an eternity of time and, having found it, left him standing, baffled, in the centre of the shabby masculine library.

In the hallway she halted. She looked about her. She must find Thad; that was it. She would have to go back into the drawing-room.

As she stood in the doorway heads turned. She could not know how flushed and happy she looked. It made her doubly desirable, the happiness shining in her small fair face.

"Oh, there you are," cried Mrs. Gilliland. A little path was formed for Mrs. Gilliland through the dancers. Thad was with her in his greatcoat and scarf and carrying Stephanie's fur cape. Beth Gilliland came with the other two; Beth was plump and pretty, and they made a chattering intimate group, saying the usual polite things as Thad helped Stephanie on with her cape.

"Darling, I'm so glad you could come," said Beth.

Stephanie squeezed the plump waist. "Don't forget. Mine's next Friday."

Mrs. Gilliland said to Thad, easily, but with an edge of awe in her easy voice, "Come any time, both of you."

Thad bowed. Tansley appeared to open the door. They walked to the elevator. They were safely whisked downward and into the cold night and the big black town car headed toward home. Thad, with his unflinching courtesy, tucked the woolen lap robe about Stephanie's knees. "Cold, honey?"

She said, leaning a little against him, "Thad, Thad."

They had a relationship that was so whole and complete, and yet so fragile, so transparently tender, that they almost never spoke of it. Underneath, hidden away and buried firmly, was respect.

"Did you have a nice time?" Thad-deus Mebane said.

She said, touching his knee, "You were sweet to stay in town so late, to pick me up."

He was tall and lean and unyielding. He was a man of affairs, and busy. His

father had left him the newspaper and the cotton brokerage business; on top of that he had numerous other interests and charities. "No trouble at all," Thad said shortly. "I had to stay in to see Gilliland about some newspaper business."

He had withdrawn. He was fearful of breaking the frail crystal of their relationship; he never allowed himself much warmth. She had withdrawn, too, her eagerness turned inward. She thought of the young man in the library; she hardly heard what her stepfather was saying.

"Gilliland is a fine fellow," Thad-deus Mebane explained in his precise tone. "Men like that can't be bought with money. They work for other things."

She did not enquire what other things. She was leaning against him dreamily; he thought her asleep, and he permitted himself to tuck the robe closer about her.

He had no child of his own; "Respect," Thad-deus Mebane said aloud. "They will work for a man they respect or for a cause."

IT REQUIRED a great deal of managing to meet the young man the next day. She had planned it all at breakfast, having her breakfast in bed, propped up against pillows, her hair tied with demure pink bows, the pale winter sunshine peering in at the frosted garden windows. And the plan worked.

At a few minutes after three she stepped out of a yellow taxi; she paid the driver. She hesitated, and then she saw him.

He came hurrying toward her in the snow, cutting a corner over the white-drifted grass. He was not tall nor imposing-looking; he was stocky, even. He had on a great nubby brown overcoat and a homburg hat, and he doffed it with a comical and confident manner, coming up to Stephanie.

"Do you like it?"

Her eyes danced. Her eyes were like violets in shade after April rain. "I love it." She laughed aloud.

He grinned; he drew her arm warmly through his, and they began walking. The air was crisp and biting. "I bought it for you," he said. "I thought it might impress you."

The sky was heavy unrelenting grey, hung low like a curtain, and the sun was merely an orange peephole in the grey-ness. The trees were crusted with snow, very theatrical-looking snow somehow, under the heavy greyness; the walks had been cleared; the green benches had not. Everywhere the scene seemed unreal.

"But I don't even know your name," Stephanie said, her breath against his sleeve making a fairy cloud of frost.

"Random," he said. "Paul Random."

She waited. "Aren't you curious about mine?" she said, skipping two steps to his one, hanging onto his arm with good will, thinking that she had escaped herself.

For that was what it was. She was somebody entirely new with him.

"I know your name. I read the newspapers," he said wryly, and spoiled the magic. She had not escaped at all. It had only been an illusion. The joy went out of her face. "You are Miss Stephanie Mebane, leaving the Horse Show with her mother, Mrs. Thad-deus Mebane," said Paul Random. "You are coming down a plane ramp, and the

Continued on page 30



Is your Beauty
fading too soon?

A rose blooms with radiance from tiny bud to full-blown blossom. But when it gets dry . . . it soon wilts and fades!

When your skin becomes dry, Nature writes her warning in tiny lines on your face. Yet ten minutes a day *with one cream* can bring precious softness to dry skin! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, with new penetrating Penaten, goes deeper into pore openings . . . treats your skin to lanolin's richness as it's never been treated before. Soon you'll see that dried-out look disappear!

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LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

MM-20

Continued from page 27

picture caption says, 'Miss Stephanie Mebane, returning from a trip to Paris, with her distinguished father, Mr. Thaddeus B. Mebane...'

She halted. "He is not my father," she said. "He is my stepfather."

Paul looked down at her, guardedly. He sensed the urgency. He was very wise and very kind. "But you wish he were?" Paul Random said slowly. "Don't you? Is that it?"

"I wish—" Stephanie raised her eyes. "It is, mostly, not knowing. It's so odd, not knowing your own father."

They went on walking. He wore gloves and she wore mittens, but they were holding hands and it was comforting. "Your mother is divorced," Paul Random said, after a little.

"My father is dead," Stephanie sighed a small sigh, like a sparrow swooping down to rest. "My mother was very young when she married him. She was younger than I am now. Mother never speaks of it, only that it happened on a house party week end. She met him on Friday and married him on Monday. It was like heaven, he was so wise, my father, I mean, and I came along and then one night he was killed driving home late."

He said mildly, "Watch your sentences."

Stephanie swallowed.

"He was a doctor, he had not had any sleep for 20 hours. He drove off the road in the darkness. He gave his life for others, his whole existence," whispered Stephanie.

Paul said gently, "Maybe he was happy being a doctor. It takes courage to do what you want to do, and to admit you're happy doing it."

They turned a corner. The wind was in their faces now. "You don't understand," Stephanie said. "It leaves one half blind to have your father die when you're a baby. It leaves one"—Stephanie hesitated for a word—"uncertain. What are you really? What is the other half of you like that you never remember having seen?"

He said candidly, "What would you like him to have been?"

"Well," she said, "like you."

He laughed and then turned vividly scarlet under the sombre homburg. It was impossible to imagine him upset, with his droll face and tart matter-of-fact voice, but she had succeeded in upsetting him quite thoroughly.

THE SUN had vanished. The orange peephole had been altogether lost in the thickening folds of winter twilight. "You haven't asked me," said Stephanie saucily; "you haven't asked me how I managed to get here this afternoon." Then she thought of something else. "And just how did you, a working man, get here in the middle of the afternoon?" "Easy." He shrugged wide shoulders. "I made up an errand to do across town."

Delightedly Stephanie giggled. "So did I. I told Biddy I had to get something for the hospital."

"Hospital?" he asked.

She was filled with the strong sense of well-being. There was magic between them again. They were in step, like soldiers; they had turned about and were headed back toward the entrance to the park, their cheeks pale with the cold, his freckles showing bleakly across his nose.

"I go to the hospital three days a week," Stephanie said lightly, almost primly, to hide her pride. "I read to them. I write letters for them. It's a veterans' hospital, near home. I should like," she confided, ducking her head, so that the long feather on her pixie hat brushed his ear, "to be a nurse, to be something like my father. But mother won't hear of it, she says I must come out first, I must have fun, and then if I still want to be a nurse she will not raise a finger."

She looked up; then she wanted his opinion. He considered; he hesitated. "Perhaps your mother is right, you know. A career is never enough for a woman. There isn't enough giving in a career; that is what all the modern career-girl fuss is about. Business, alone, for a woman is like a hen sitting on an egg that never hatches."

And Stephanie laughed. She was utterly captivated. And they went on walking, and after a little she said, "Do you know what it is I like about you? It is that you take me seriously."

It was the eternal conversation. It was the way all lovers talked.

"And I like you because you like being taken seriously."

She said, "The others say such nonsense. And you are supposed to be amused. You are supposed to think up nonsense in return."

"A waste of time."

She said, reminded of time, "I'll be late, Paul." It was the first time she had used his name.

He said, "Tomorrow—may I—"

She shook her head. They had come to a busy street intersection. They regarded the line of yellow waiting taxis with distaste. Some of the cars whizzing past had lights on, and the little beetle-like headlights flashed in her eyes. "I shall be so busy, all morning I must have photographs taken, for a fashion magazine, and then fittings, still more fittings, and in the afternoon I must go to a picture gallery and buy a refugee artist's painting, because mother promised and she is too rushed to go herself, and anyway—"

He turned her by the shoulders to face him. He grinned broadly. "Give me the gallery address."

She smiled. She gave him the address, excitement fluttering in her throat.

Swiftly he was assured; he was the man, hurrying her, putting her in a taxi, and taking off his hat to her again rather comically as she was lost in the whirl of traffic.

Time crawled all the evening; she awoke two or three times during the night, sitting stark upright in bed, thinking it was morning, and it wasn't, and then miraculously it was. She wore a green suit, forest green, with a little white muff, and ermine hat. She was gay as a lark all the morning, doing whatever the fashion photographer suggested, turning whichever way the dressmaker wished, and time crawled, but when she arrived at the picture gallery time simply stopped and became nothing.

SHE SAW Paul Random easily in the polite chattering crowd. His red-gold hair like a peaked cap for his head shone out. She restrained herself. She did not go to him.

Biddy grunted, and went to find a bench. "My feet," groaned Biddy, and did not care for looking at pictures.



... is the Aladdin's lamp of to-day

Without the enterprising capital that built hydro-electric plants such as those of the Niagara, Gatineau and Winnipeg Rivers, and others, the magic of electricity would not be available to so many at so little cost. The policyholders of The Mutual Life of Canada have not only provided the comfort and security of insurance for their own homes, but can take pride in having helped raise our living conditions by providing funds for the construction of our mighty hydro plants.

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LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

He came up, and they both stood seriously regarding a painted red apple on a painted green plate with a view of Alpine mountains in the background. He offered her a cigarette, from a flat gold case, so that it would look proper for Biddy.

"Introduce me to her," he said.

Her eyes widened. "But what will I tell her?"

"Tell her the truth. Tell her you met me at the Gilliland party."

"She doesn't approve of people one meets at parties, any party."

"I'll risk it," Paul Random said frowning at the tip of his cigarette. Their eyes met across the haze of smoke, and she looked about; she gazed distractedly down at her muff. He took her arm and his hand was trembling, and that settled it; they approached Biddy on her bench, sitting with her hands folded resignedly in her lap.

She was a dour-looking woman; she had spent her life bringing up other people's children, and she resented it, and the resentment was there, however well guarded, in her face. She would have to find another place soon; it would not be difficult for her to be competent, but for her heart it was a wrench; it would add more dourness to her long face.

"This is Biddy. Miss Bidwell, Paul Random," Stephanie said gravely, and now she saw for the first time that Biddy could be charmed.

Paul did it effortlessly. He simply talked in a confident tone. He called her Miss Bidwell, and they were all laughing in no time. It was the way life should be; and then he said, "I was wondering—would you and Stephanie have lunch with me tomorrow?"

They looked at each other a long moment, the dour woman and the young man, and then they turned to Stephanie, both of them, unconsciously.

Biddy allowed a smile to curve her unrelenting mouth; she blushed actually. "I can't see why not, Mr. Random. Now get along with you, Miss Stephanie. You'll insult the artist if you don't see the rest of his things."

They left Biddy on her bench. They circled the room, slowly, hand in hand. "I'll buy the one with the red apple," said Stephanie.

"You'd better, you're not seeing these," he said.

"You're beginning to talk like me. All in a jumble," Stephanie said, and it was a fact. She was not seeing anything clearly.

There was a screen, behind which unused paintings and packing boxes and dust mops had been stored, at the far end of the room, and he kissed her there in the shelter of the tall screen. She was shocked. She had not thought that this was the inevitable end of what had gone before. Her heart quaked, and the earth rocked dizzily, and for an instant there was great sweetness.

She fitted so well against him. She needed so much to keep hold of the one solid thing in the universe, and then she drew away; she pulled free.

"Will you marry me?"

Her eyes were like bruises in her colorless face. "Paul, I cannot. I'm going to be a nurse and help others," she said. She remembered to straighten her hat; she could not have said another word; she left him.

NOW INDEED was time relative. It raced after her like some bewitched

hobgoblin; it hammered upon her ears and upon her brain. She was cold inside; as if she had quite deserted all the normal things of the world.

The luncheon the next day was not a success. She had tried getting out of it; but Biddy was determined. She said she had a headache, and Biddy administered aspirin. Biddy wore a hat, rather grandly, for the occasion, and the conversation was mostly between Miss Bidwell and Mr. Random.

Stephanie sat wordless, like a good child behaving well with an elderly aunt and uncle. Paul Random looked strained and tormented; he had on a different suit. He ordered all the lavish things, and ate nothing; and at last Biddy went off to powder her nose, leaving him and Stephanie alone over the finger bowls.

"Your nose is shiny too."

"I know," Stephanie said weakly. "It always is, just the tip."

He hunched over; his heavy lashes veiled his eyes. "Forgive me, Stephanie. I was too abrupt yesterday."

She said coldly, "I forgive you."

"Not like that," he objected.

She looked at him; her look was so full of compassion, for him and for herself, that he sat silent. Time raced in her like heartbeats.

"Ask me to your party," he said finally.

She said sadly, "No."

"Stephanie, listen . . ." He put his hands on the edge of the table; he spoke earnestly. "Don't be afraid to be happy. Don't be ashamed of happiness, of having leisure to look at paintings, and good food to eat, and a roof over your head. Every person is a part of the whole, a part of everybody else. When you are happy, the whole is a little happier, somehow."

She said, "I thought you were different. I thought you weren't like the others."

"I'm not," Paul said and then mischief gleamed in his eyes; they laughed. "Can't we be friends, Stephanie?"

One expects a man to get one out of a burning building. One expects a woman, on the other hand, to get one out of an emotional tangle; Stephanie put back her shoulders, and smiled wisely, and knew that this could go on and on. Only she must not let it.

She gathered her gloves, her little purse; she reached across and touched his hand, and then she hurried away, after Biddy, and it was quite over. It was settled.

THE SUPPER DANCE was given in the ballroom of the city's largest hotel. There were 2,000 invited guests, but there would be more than that, in spite of the social secretaries stationed at the doors; there would be the usual 50 or so gate-crashers. It was an accepted part of one of the most glittering debuts of the season.

Stephanie Mebane herself arrived in the lobby with a maid, and Biddy, and a shadowy, burly man whose dress clothes did not fit any too well, and who was obviously a detective. People turned and gazed and smiled timidly, and she looked blankly back at each, because one of them might be Paul Random.

She hurried toward the elevator, and was whisked upward, looking like a very young Empress Eugenie, with the tiny puffed sleeves, the pale blue ribbons

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Portrait by Alfred Freudemann

"Avon cosmetics, like a lovely melody, are always welcome"

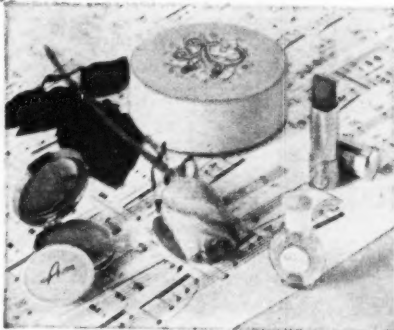
says *Risë Stevens*
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flying out behind, the yards and yards of white tulle making her ball dress. She had such poise.

Her mother regarded her, speechless with pride. She was easily the prettiest girl who had come out for years. Her mother and Thad were there ahead of Stephanie, overseeing the last-minute details.

Her mother's gown was silver lamé, and she fluttered her black lace fan lightly. "Darling, you make me feel ancient," exclaimed Julia Mebane.

She had dove-grey wings in her hair; she was pleasantly plump; she was pleasantly reserved; she was a happy woman. Thad came up to them, from talking to the orchestra leaders.

They exchanged glances, quietly, her mother and Thad. They were very right together; they were very close.

"Did you get your man for Indonesia, Thad?" her mother asked seriously.

"Indonesia?" said Thad, puzzled. He raised his eyebrows at his wife.

"You know." She was being fondly patient; "The reporter you and Gilliam wanted to send there."

Light dawned. "Ah!" He nodded; he looked at Stephanie and spoke to her, for she would see the joke. "He's investigating me. He wants to be sure I'm the sort of man he wants to work for. I asked him to come here this evening. I think," Thad said acidly, "he's making a list of clubs I belong to."

They twittered appreciatively. They were a family. Stephanie suddenly stood on tiptoe and kissed her stepfather's forehead. "Thank you for the wonderful party, Thad."

The orchestras were making a dazzling bedlam, tuning up. The brass horns wailed. The drum went boom. Biddy was pushing small gilt chairs about, this way and that, to suit her taste for order. Waiters hurried here and there, over the polished floor, under the gleaming chandeliers.

A young woman, with a guest list in her hand, came rushing up. "I'm dreadfully sorry, most dreadfully, but—" she paused. "It's a man. He hasn't an invitation." Her face darkened. "He has red hair and he says he was invited..."

"Dear," said Mrs. Mebane, looking at her husband wisely, "could that be the young man you were just talking about? Perhaps you forgot to give instructions to have him admitted."

Thad went striding off. "It's he. It's Paul Random."

Stephanie's heart turned over. Paul, Paul. It was Paul.

In a moment he appeared, walking beside Thad, the two of them in earnest conversation.

"Well, well," said Thad, as they came up. "I didn't think you'd take my invitation seriously, Random. I thought you were out doing the town, having a fling before deciding to go to Indonesia for us."

Paul's droll look fixed upon Stephanie. "This is part of doing the town, sir."

"Eh?" said Thad. "Of course. Ahhh, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Mebane and I were just... have you met Mrs. Mebane, Random?" Julia Mebane fluttered her lace fan and smiled a welcome. "And my daughter, Stephanie?"

Paul said, "How do you do?"

She was in such a turmoil within. The music began. The room was beginning to be crowded.

She said, "Hello."

He said, "You see, I came."

She said, very low, "I suppose it's a joke, I suppose it's all a joke, and you are laughing at me inside."

He was not laughing. He simply looked at her. Thad took his arm. "Come along, Random. I'll get you a drink. Looks as if he could use one doesn't he, Stephanie?"

She remembered the first evening when she had met him. She remembered she remembered. "Champagne," she said brightly. "You like champagne don't you, Mr. Random." Scarcely flooded her cheeks. They were jostled. He went away wordlessly.

THE REST of the evening was a blur. She stood there beside her mother; she said words; she shook hands; she remembered names, and was charming. After an endless time her mother said, "You must go and dance, darling."

She was swamped. She was devoured. The stag line descended upon her, as she felt the familiar bewildering terms. They were so eager.

The orchestras alternated, so the was not a moment without music, there was not a moment for her to slip away and gradually, as she changed from one man's arms to another's, the tempo vanished. She began to enjoy herself to have fun, and to like dancing.

Paul? Her eyes darted about; she saw him talking to her mother; she saw him dancing with a pretty girl, another, and yet another; she kept seeing him, but he did not see her. He avoided her.

The party whirled and whirled in front of her eyes like a rainbow caught in a trumpet, louder and more stimulating by the minute, and then she saw Paul leaving. She murmured, blankly, to the tall blond boy she was dancing with at the moment, "Excuse me!" she caught up her skirt and went after him.

"Paul!"

The hall corridor was deserted. The yellow lights gleamed on his kind and droll face, on his starched shirt front. He ran his fingers through his hair. "Your father would like seeing you tonight," he said quietly.

He knew. He was saying what she had wanted to hear someone say all evening, all her life, really. Tears welled unexpectedly in her eyes.

"Paul!" she said again. She was not detached now; she was not poised. "You are right, you are right. I was wrong. It is not shameful to be happy. It's nice." The tears spilled over and rolled down her cheeks. "I am—I am even making sentences now," she faltered.

He took her to him, then, with gentleness, and she cried with happiness, so that his shirt front was wet and her lashes were matted. "But why did you make such a mystery of yourself?" she whispered at last, straining away a very little to see up into his face.

Paul grinned. "At first," he said, "I didn't think it was important, and then I began liking it. I liked your thinking me poor and a nobody. It gets tiresome being a guy with glamour just because you're a writer and have been in places," said Paul wryly.

Shyly Stephanie peered down at her silver slippers. "When will you be back?"

He drew a breath. "Soon," he said. "Meanwhile," he said, tilting her small round chin upward "meanwhile—"

A-hunting She Will Go

Continued from page 11

Sachem double talk about hunting and fishing. Baby, if you're not getting enough money you don't have to lead up to it by playing Indian. I didn't get the raise I expected, but I guess I can spare another five bucks a week for your house money."

Cora was tapping her foot. She had a look in her eye Mr. Bishop had seen there before on occasion. It gave him the willies.

"Don't be so obtuse," she said. "I refuse to be a parasite any longer. I'm going to be a producer. I'm going to get a job. Not because I want more money to spend."

Mr. Bishop gaped at her. "You want to be a hunter and a fisher," he said finally.

"Exactly," Cora gave him a brilliant smile. "What do you think I should do?"

"What do I think?" Mr. Bishop screamed, erupting like a volcano. "I think you should go soak your head. What's the matter with me?" Mr. Bishop thumped his manly breast. "When the day comes that I can't earn enough money—"

"That's not the point. I want to be a producer."

"Well go produce another kid," said Mr. Bishop. "Go produce a baby brother. Who's going to look after Julie if you get a job?"

"I thought mother might like to sublet her apartment and live with us," Cora said timidly.

Mr. Bishop choked on his pipe. "That's what I call a dandy idea. The way she eats you'd better get a darn good job."

LONG AFTER the other houses along Edgecomb Drive were dark, light still shone from No. 14. Ultimately Mr. Bishop was in bed where he tossed and turned and muttered darkly in his sleep. Beside him Cora was relaxed, dreaming of herself seated behind a huge desk.

The next morning as per custom, Mrs. Bishop drove her husband to the train. But today they had Julie with them and dropped her at the nursery.

"Everything is working out beautifully," Cora said. "She'll be through nursery school at 12 and Mrs. Carmichael will give her a hot lunch, have her take a nap and then supervise her activity this afternoon until I get home."

"For how much?" said Mr. Bishop. "Fifty cents an hour minimum. You're going to need more clothes if you work. You'll be eating lunch in a restaurant. We'll need a cleaning woman, we'll have to send more laundry out. It'll cost us about 40 bucks a week and maybe you'll be lucky and get a job paying 25. I can't afford to have you work."

"Suppose I do start for some terribly low figure," his wife rebuked him. "Naturally I can't start at the top. Why, I remember when you first went to work for Mr. Grooby you told him the salary didn't matter, it was the opportunity you were looking for."

Mr. Bishop, his hat pulled low over his forehead, did not respond.

His wife had not stopped the car at the station this morning. She pulled into a parking lot two blocks distant. Mr. Bishop began plaintively, "You might at least drop me at the train—"

"I'm going in with you. What did you think?"

"I thought you'd work here in the village. If you have to work why not work—"

"Don't shout," Cora said. "People are staring. And don't stand there, we'll miss our train."

"Get lost," said Mr. Bishop heavily, and strode toward the station, his wife hurrying along at his heels.

They entered the station and Mr. Bishop bought his paper. The usual crowd was on hand and Mr. Bishop winced and turned up his coat collar, hoping no one would recognize him.

Mr. Grooby, his boss, was there, at the far side of the platform. Mr. Bishop rode in on the same train each morning with Mr. Grooby, but they did not sit together. Each morning they nodded at each other, Mr. Grooby made a brief comment about the weather, and Mr. Bishop agreed with him.

This morning Mr. Grooby varied the technique. "Morning, Charles," he said. "Saw your little wife with you didn't I?"

"Going shopping," said Mr. Bishop with a ghastly smile.

Cora came up from the ticket window. "I am not—"

"Shut up," said Mr. Bishop under his breath.

"Why, Charles, how dare you talk to me—"

"Get on the train," said Mr. Bishop hoarsely.

They entered with the crowd. Mrs. Bishop found an unoccupied seat, and Mr. Bishop, with unaccustomed gallantry, allowed another woman to occupy the other half.

"Afraid I can't sit with you, dear," said Mr. Bishop. "See you tonight."

He escaped down the aisle and into the next car. An hour later he was at work. That night he did not see his wife on the train. He got off at his station and walked home.

THE LIGHTS were on at No. 14, but they were less bright. Warily Mr. Bishop opened the front door. The dog bounced forward to greet him, his daughter flew down the stairs and into his arms. Finally he saw his wife. She was sitting in a dark corner of the living room with her shoes off.

She said nothing and Mr. Bishop waited a moment, then said nervously, "What's for dinner?"

"Nothing. I haven't even started dinner."

"What happened?"

"Nobody wanted me," his wife said. "I tramped the streets all day. Nobody would give me a job. I'm unemployable. I'm useless. Men sneered at me. They laughed. I hate men. They're the whole trouble. Men!"

Mr. Bishop executed a dance step across the living room.

"Wonderful," he said. "We'll all go out for dinner. That's the best news I've heard this year. You're unemployable."

"A parasite," she said dismally. "A scrubwoman. A short-order cook. That's all men think I'm good for."

"One or two other items," said Mr. Bishop, doing a final high kick and with a wicked gleam in his eye. "Come on, unemployable scrubwoman, put on your hat. I'll buy you the best dinner in town."

Continued on page 46

They'll start off in high... with

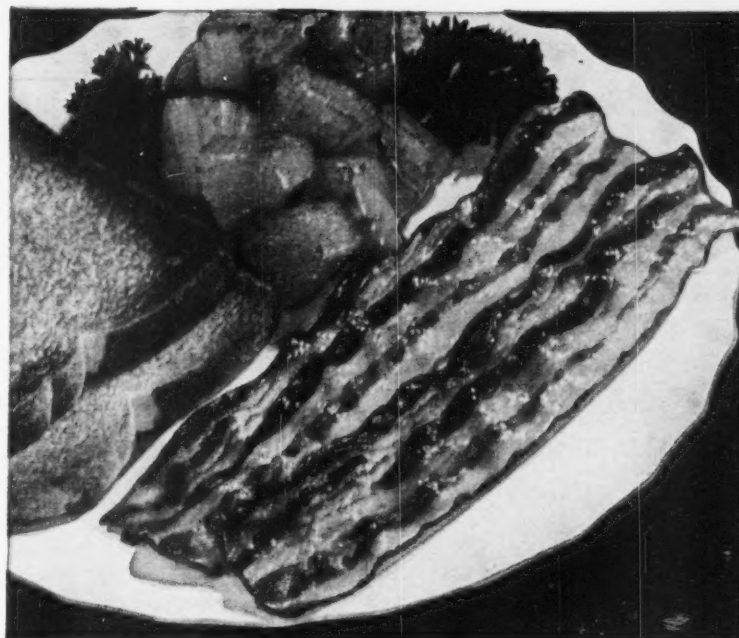
Brighter Breakfasts!



YOU'RE GETTING YOUR FAMILY OFF TO A GOOD START when you serve bacon for breakfast.

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Premium Bacon in cold frying pan; do not overcrowd. Cook slowly; turn often; drain on absorbent paper. (Canned pineapple chunks fried in bacon fat taste grand with it.) So matchless is Swift's Premium sweet smoke taste, so mild and yet so zesty, that Canada actually prefers this famous bacon to all other leading brands combined!



Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!

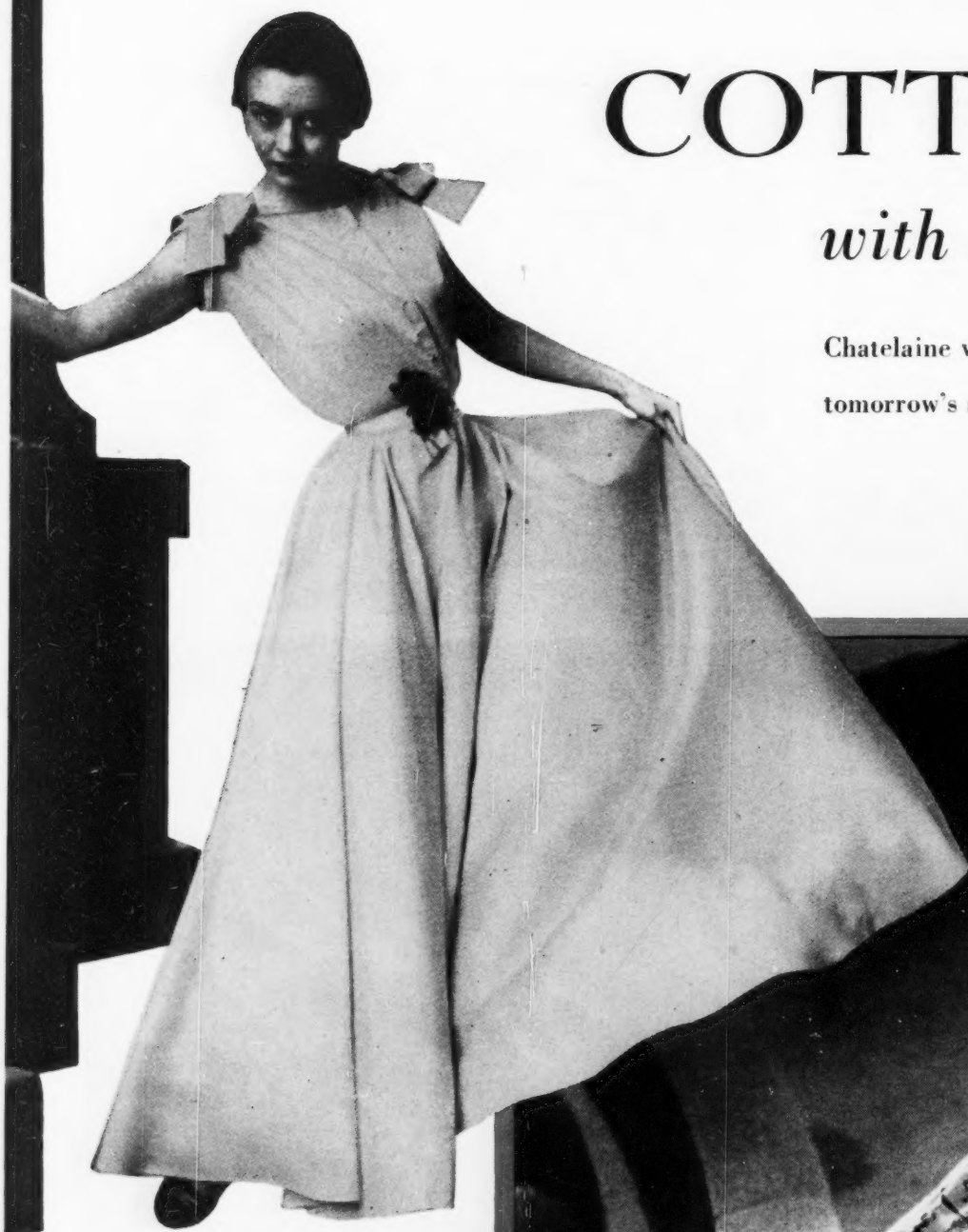


COTTONS

with an English Accent

Chatelaine visits the cotton mills of Lancashire and finds tomorrow's styling in one of today's most popular fabrics

by **Mildred Spicer**
Fashion Editor



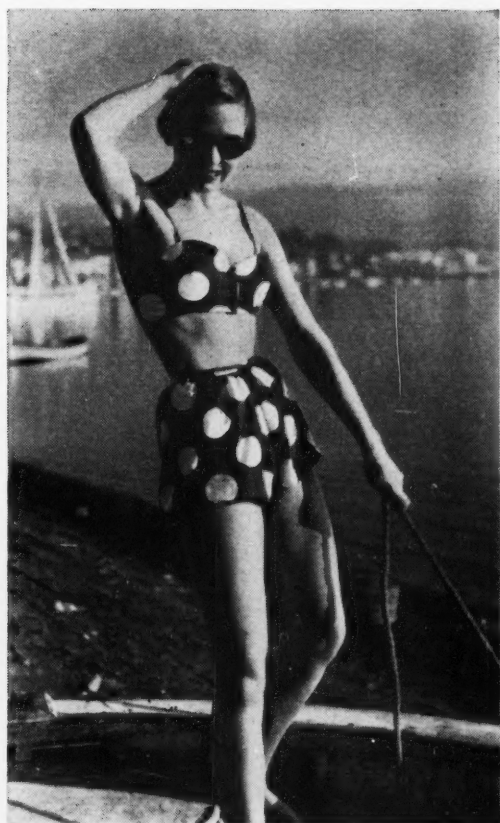
An evening gown of pastel Jacquarded cotton. The material has an intricate figured weave. Looks like damask and drapes gracefully for formal fashions. There's news in the boat-shaped neckline which features a bow on each shoulder and buttons to the waist.

Beauty and the beach. Top honors go to the swimming ensemble . . . a one-piece bathing suit with a swing-back coat to match. The print steps out of the history book. Standard bearers and swordsmen march across a background of stark-white cotton.



Photos courtesy of Horrocks Fashions, Ltd.

For
text
then
care
The



A new and novel approach to the water is the two-piece bathing suit with romper pants. This one is navy and white, worn with a matching coat, lined with white.



For harmony in a heat wave try lots of color in cool cotton. The textile designer gets his inspiration from many sources, some of them exotic and unusual. Here, for example, he has copied the careful designs of Aztec painting and reproduced them on cotton. The simplicity of the style adds emphasis to the colorful design.

THE cotton industry is as old as time itself and yet it is as modern and up-to-the-minute as 1950. The cottons you see here got their start in fashion up in Lancashire, a damp foggy area of England where the climate is just right for spinning. There we were surprised to find 200-year-old mills turning out designs which would appear everywhere from Paris salons to the sewing room of the Canadian home. We saw the patterns of production from the beginning . . . from the big, unsightly bales as they came in from Egypt and America, to the carding of raw cotton, on to spinning and weaving. In the shipping room, at the end of the line, the materials are neatly packaged for shipping to all parts of the world. Perhaps you'll find Lancashire cottons in the fashion department of your local shop. Perhaps you'll find them on the piece goods counter. Whether you buy it ready made or make it up yourself, you can count on English cottons for fine performance . . . for a combination of yesterday's standards of fine workmanship with today's modern design.

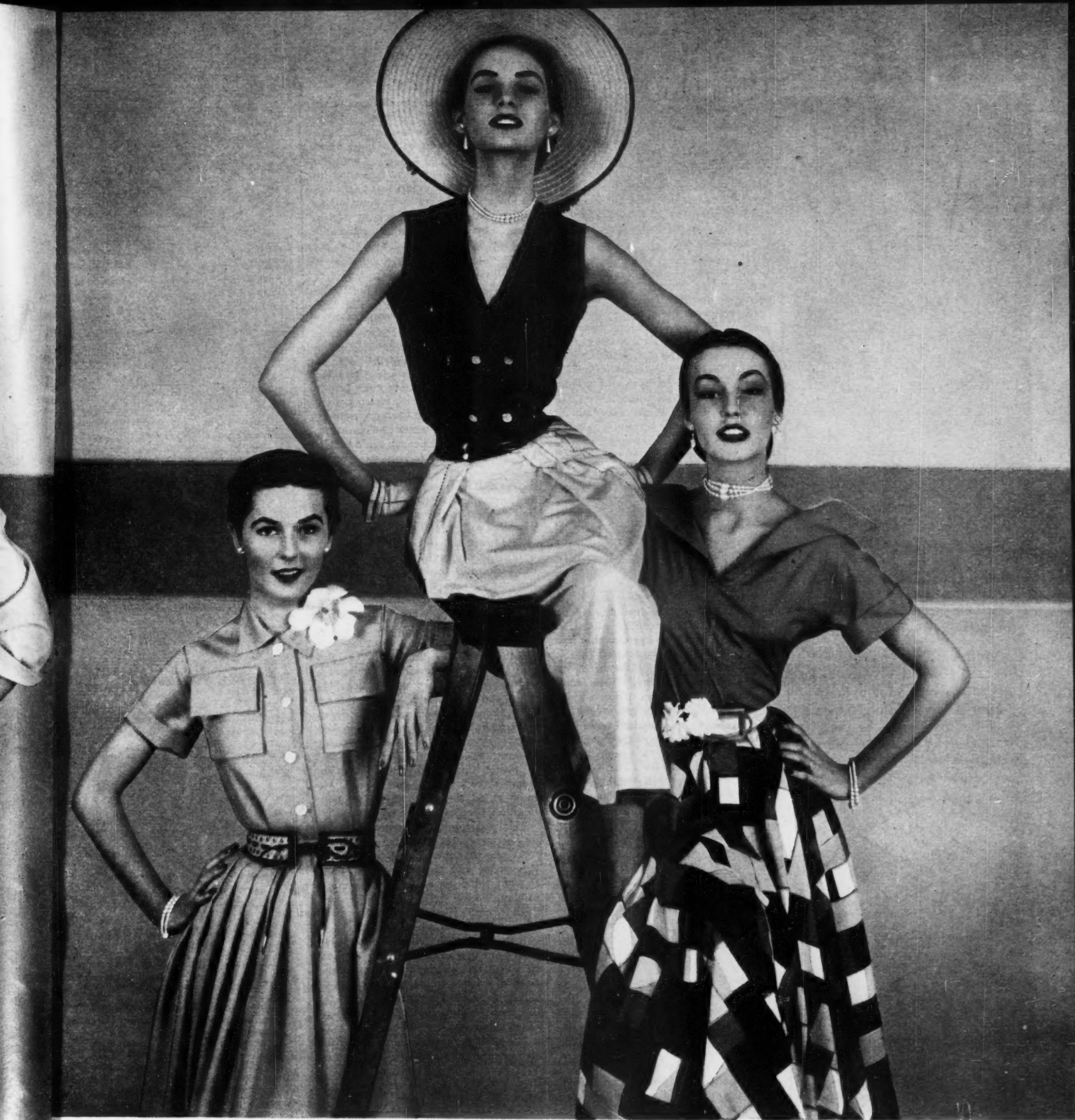


The fashion for wide, free-swinging skirts continues. It's one of the most wearable styles we've seen in a long time. Wear it with a sleeveless blouse and an armful of bracelets. Wear it with a sweater or jersey top and wrap your waist in a black patent leather belt. Wear it for work or for play. Ours is an original West African print in bold daring colors.



FASHION ADDITION

MIDSUMMER CALLS FOR an assortment of fresh clothes in lively colors. You want to change often. You want clothes that are tubbable. You want fashion at a price. Cash in on the *separates* idea and you can have it. One and one still make two in any girl's arithmetic. But multiply by three skirts and three blouses and you get nine costumes. As a fashion mathematician you'll score a hundred. The change makes sense. It's the formula for stretching a wardrobe into a team of interchangeables for town or country wear. Begin with a pattern and your own two hands. Make a tailored shirt, No. 3209, in spanking-white cotton. Wear it over a grey chambray skirt, No. 3158. A quick trick is the sleeveless blouse, shown here in a torso length laced up the sides and worn over a candy-striped cotton skirt No. 3205. The Riviera blouse ties in the middle and features wide bat-wing sleeves. It has a way with shorts and slacks as well as skirts. Blouse and skirt, No. 8248.



AVEDON

A TRIO OF MIX-MATCHERS to take you from dawn to dusk in a lovely harmony of color and design. You can be a quick-change artist in any one of these. No. 3157, for example, in turquoise cotton, has the look of a dress and the ways of separates. On the "possibilities unlimited" list is this black cotton sleeveless blouse. Its pink buttons match the skirt which is saddle-stitched with black. No. 3228. Wear it once with a pink carnation tucked into the neckline. Wear it again with pink pearls hugging your throat. Pair it off with pink piqué shorts or a plaid evening skirt. Not a coat . . . but a skirt of many colors! No. 3208 is the new swirl skirt cut to trim the hips and give the silhouette a graceful flare. The wide revers on the blouse frame the off-shoulder neckline. Separates for summer! If you've got the idea, then you've got the wear-with-all to make your wardrobe stretch into fall.

See page 55 for sizes and prices of these Simplicity Patterns.

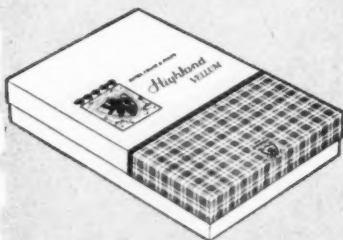
A letter at last...



*Dearest Mother—
I'm settled at last
and I have much to tell you
first of all the people here
with one grand exception
mother you will love them
all and I'll be home soon.*

Perhaps someone dear to you is waiting for a letter. Letters are heartening events... looked-for enchantment. Don't begin every letter with an apology—write regularly.

And remember—every letter really matters—so express yourself on the finest paper. Choose Eaton, Crane & Pike distinctive writing-paper—one of the nicer things in life.



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**EATON, CRANE
& PIKE**
COMPANY OF CANADA LTD.
TORONTO

Come Live With Me

Continued from page 18

Wallaroo Island was a pattern of green hills and white sand against the blue of sea and sky. Beyond it other islands stretched away to the north, all part of the chain of the Barrier Reef, and away to the west fat white clouds sat above the thin dark line that was the Queensland coast.

"It's lovely here," Helen said. "I think I might like to live up here." Russ looked at her, and she went on, "For a couple of months each year."

Russ rowed the boat toward the beach. There was nothing luxurious about Wallaroo Island except its natural surroundings. The travel folders just billed it as a tropical paradise where you could live the life of the Swiss Family Robinson, with a few mod. cons. The guests were mostly women who thought they had been on the verge of a nervous breakdown and tired businessmen who had come up here to forget their business and their wives. Russ was a writer who had neither bad nerves nor a wife. His only trouble was sitting in the boat with him now, all curves and practically no costume.

They got out and walked up the beach. They made a good-looking pair, Russ brown and big in white shorts and Helen brown and bare in the French swim suit. The women looked at Russ, their nerves beginning to jangle again, and the tired businessmen looked at Helen, their minds on business that had nothing to do with stocks and shares.

"I think you'd have done better to have stayed in Sydney," Russ said. "We've talked this over a dozen times already. We've never got anywhere. What made you come up here now?"

Helen smiled at two of the men, who pawed the sand like a couple of St. Bernard dogs digging for a lost barrel of brandy. "I thought you might ask me to marry you," she said. "I hoped."

"I've done that," said Russ. "Three times. You said no. Three times."

"But aren't you glad to see me now?" Russ gestured, helplessly and a little angrily. "All right, I'm glad to see you. In a way, that is. But what made you change your mind? Six months ago you wouldn't even come up to look at the island."

"Nick Evans has asked me to marry him," said Helen.

Russ stopped short. "Where do I fit into this? Or are you thinking of bigamy?"

Helen smiled up at him. "No, darling—"

"Don't let's get that matey just yet. Stick to calling me Russ till I know where I am."

"All right, Russ dear. I came up here to see if you wanted to marry me, because you've got top priority."

Russ started walking again. They had reached the end of the beach before he spoke. "Let's get this straight. You'll marry me if I ask you. If I don't ask you, you'll marry Evans. Is that how it is?"

"An ideal synopsis, if I may say so," Helen said.

"Doesn't love enter into this? Or are you in love with both of us?"

"No, I'm just in love with you," Helen said. "But I like Nick a lot. I think I could be happy with him. But I'd be happier with you."

"Up here?"

Helen's big toe drew patterns in the sand. "Well—er—perhaps. That's something we'd have to talk over."

Russ beat the air with a large hand. "Aah! Here we go again." There was the drone of a plane and he swung his head to watch the flying boat as it came in low above the southern point of the bay, then he looked back at Helen. "You'd better pack your gear and catch that plane back to Sydney. Let me know when the wedding's going to be and I'll send you a present."

Helen's temper had begun to rise. "What'll it be?" She waved an arm at the trees near them. "A couple of coconuts, engraved with the Barker crest?"

Russ stalked off, up along the track leading to his shack on the other side of the island. His heart was playing leap-frog over his thorax, and he knew he was still as much in love with Helen as he'd ever been. He cursed her very roundly and in very blue terms and swore he wouldn't go near the beach again till she had left the island.

THAT NIGHT he put on a clean shirt and shorts and went back down to the beach. Over to the west there was still a wash of pale green light in the sky, but on the beach side of the island the stars were already reflected in the pools among the rocks and beneath the palms the shadows were black. The guests slept in one-room bungalows, but most of these were dark and empty now. Russ walked along toward the main house where there was a blaze of light and the sound of a three-piece one-tune band. Couples were dancing on the wide veranda, nervous wrecks propped up by tired tycoons, and Russ stood and watched them for a moment. Then he saw Helen, in the arms of a tall slim man who looked vaguely familiar. They coasted over toward him.

"Hello, Russ," said Helen. "You remember Nick Evans, don't you? He came in on the plane this afternoon. Couldn't bear to be without me."

"She exaggerates," Evans said. "I just happened to be passing—"

"Yeah, that was what I was doing," Russ said, and turned to go. "Just thought I'd drop in. Well, so long. I won't be seeing you."

"So long," Evans called after him. "Nice to have had this little chat."

Russ walked off along the beach. He looked out to sea and wondered just how far you could swim before you got to the point of no return. He walked on and had gone nearly a quarter of a mile up the track leading to his place before Helen caught up with him.

"Phew!" she puffed. "I've run after men before, but never up a hill."

"You could have saved your breath," Russ said. "Evans would have been much less bother."

Helen counted 10, while she got her breath and control of her temper. Then she said sweetly, "May I walk you home?"

"Please yourself," Russ said.

They walked on up the hill. Night was complete now and stars hung low enough to be touched. A warm breeze blew in from the west and out east the sea was falling away from the rising moon. It was a tropic night made for romance, just as the travel folders advertised.

"You can be a stinker at times," Helen said.



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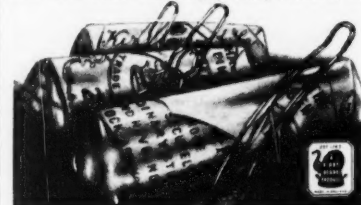
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"Don't let's get abusive," Russ said. "Just walk me to my door and then say good night. And don't embarrass me by asking me to kiss you."

"Kid stuff," Helen said. "I never leave a man at his door."

Russ' shack stood on a cliff looking toward the Queensland coast. It had two rooms, a front veranda, and right in front of it a sheer drop of a hundred feet to the sea.

"It's not much," he said, "but I call it home."

"You live here all alone?" Helen said. "Just me and the gulls." He put out his hand. "Well, thanks for seeing me home."

"Aren't you going to ask me in?"

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid you've got the wrong man."

"Oh," said Helen, and played with the buttons of his shirt. "Well, how about a little kiss, huh?"

Russ surrendered passively. The tropics had nothing on Helen for getting a man steamed up. Russ wilted and had to clutch her tightly for support.

"That's better," Helen said. "Don't let go."

"This isn't going to get us anywhere," Russ said.

"We're doing all right as it is," Helen said, and kissed him again. "Look, I know this is a bit sudden, but will you marry me?"

"Where would we live?" Russ said.

HELEN SAT down on the steps leading up to the veranda. In the starlight her hair looked like a cap of silver, falling sleekly and heavily to just below her ears. "Russ, my love, let's look at this sensibly. I've seen your island and I agree with you—it's glorious. But only for a holiday. You couldn't go on living here forever. Why, you—you'd just shrivel up and die before your time!"

"The heat's not that bad," Russ said. "I don't mean the heat. I mean the idleness, the stagnation—"

"It may interest you to know I've written more in the six months I've been up here than in two years in Sydney. And it's stuff the editors are buying. I haven't had a rejection slip in months."

"All right," Helen said resignedly, and stood up. "Stop skitting. We all know how good you are."

Russ felt like hammering her into the ground, but he was still too weak from her kisses and the memories they had revived. They had argued over this point for two years, ever since they'd first met, and finally Russ had moved up here on his own. Helen loved Sydney and the gay round she had followed ever since she'd taken the braces off her teeth: lunch at Princes, dancing at the various golf clubs, surfing at Palm Beach, doing everything that a well-heeled father and an inheritance from a well-heeled, but well-buried, grandfather allowed her to do. Russ, who'd never had braces on his teeth and wouldn't have been able to afford them had he needed them and whose father was only well-heeled because he was a boot repairer, liked the quiet life: a hike in the Blue Mountains, a home here on Wallaroo Island. Helen and Russ were completely unsuited to each other, nevertheless they were as much in love as two people could possibly be.

"Well, don't you see what I'm getting at?" Russ said. "I've got to live, and I make more money living up here."

"We've talked about that, too,"

Helen said. "What happens to my money when we marry? I can't give it away—granddad's will won't let me."

"We aren't going to use it to live on, get that out of your head. We live on my money or we starve. And if I have to do my writing in the city, we'll probably starve."

Helen got up and began to walk back along the track. "I'd rather starve in Sydney than stagnate up here. At least it would be a quicker death."

"Do you want me to walk back with you?" Russ said.

But just then Evans came stumbling down the track. He pulled up short a few yards from them. "Oh sorry! Am I butting into something? I just found this path and started to follow it. I got a bit tired of the dance when you buzzed off, Helen—"

"Let's go back," Helen said. "I just feel like a dance—something to wake me up."

"She's beginning to stagnate," said Russ.

HELEN AND EVANS disappeared arm in arm along the track. Russ walked to the edge of the cliff and looked over, decided it was too far to jump, walked back to his shack and went to bed. He lay awake for quite a while, thinking of Helen, then dropped off to sleep and dreamed of Jane Russell.

Next morning Russ wrestled with himself for an hour or two, then finally gave in and went down to the beach. The wrecks and the weary were having fun with a turtle race. Four giant turtles were the steeds and the jockeys were four swim-suited girls, Helen among them. There was a great deal of yelling as the turtles inched their way across the sand. Russ, who preferred to eat turtle rather than ride it, stood and watched with the superior air of the local who sneers at the naïve antics of strangers.

"The way some people amuse 'em-selves!" Russ turned to see a grizzled character, burned almost black and dressed in a pair of faded blue shorts, standing behind him. "I dunno why I took this job. I get more disgusted every day."

"Hello, Jerry," Russ said. Jerry Simpson was employed to look after the boats belonging to the resort. "Stop belly-aching."

"Well, did you ever see such a bunch of bunnies? I'm losing all respect for the human race."

Jerry spat in the sand. "Well, I gotta go out and get another turtle. The boss wants to put on turtle soup some time."

"Why doesn't he use one of those?" Russ nodded toward the turtles now approaching the winning post.

"He thinks it might upset the guests," Jerry said. "He reckons they got a personal interest in them turtles. No, I gotta go out and catch a stranger, one they won't mind eating. Wanna come?"

Russ helped Jerry push a boat down into the water. Russ sat in front and looked back toward the beach. Helen had won the race and was being hugged by Evans as if she'd won the Melbourne Cup. Evans kissed her and everyone cheered. Russ turned and faced out to sea. He picked up the harpoon that was used to spear turtles and wondered how long it would take for him to die after he'd plunged it into himself. He decided it would take too long and would hurt too much. He then started to think



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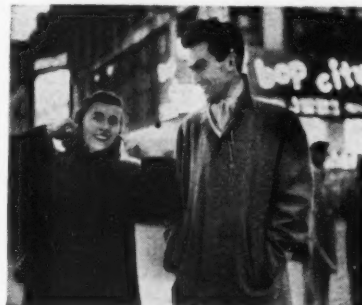
The feud began the moment Dick Brengle and Terry Eaton met in New York.

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Dick argued, you weren't really "alive"

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of plunging it into Evans, and that was a much better thought.

"There's one!" Jerry yelled.

Turtle-spearing is a native art, and many white men spend a lifetime trying to master it. But Russ, who was a mug at golf, a flop at tennis, and a drongo at cricket, had become proficient at it in six months.

He stood up in the prow of the boat now, aware that everyone on the beach was looking at him. He saw the turtle coming to the surface about eight to 10 feet in front of the boat. He poised for a moment, both hands gripping the harpoon, then he launched himself in a flying curving dive. The harpoon went home in a clean hit and as Russ came back up to the surface he thought, I hope Helen and Evans got a load of that.

THEY HAD. As Jerry and Russ rowed ashore Helen and Evans were the first to come down and meet them.

"Russ, you're marvelous!" Helen said. "You should write a story about yourself."

"I'll get around to it," Russ said modestly.

"I'd like to learn to do that," Evans said. "Reckon you could teach me?"

"How long are you staying?" Russ said.

"Well, that depends." Evans looked down at Helen, who suddenly seemed to find something interesting in the clear sky. "I've booked a couple of seats on tomorrow afternoon's plane."

Behind him, Russ heard Jerry snort disgustedly. He put a stopper on his own snort and said, "Well, maybe I could teach you. What ab ut first thing tomorrow morning?"

"Sure, that'll be fine. I'll see you about 10 o'clock." Evans grinned down at Helen. "This'll make me the star turn at Palm Beach."

"We'll have a banner painted," Helen said. "Nick Evans and His Performing Turtle. And we'd better book another seat on tomorrow's plane. For the turtle. Or have you forgotten there aren't any turtles at Palm Beach?"

"I've seen a few," Russ said, "only they didn't wear shells."

"Nuts to you," Helen said, and Russ bowed in acknowledgment.

"Well, I'd like to learn anyway," Evans said. "Someday there might be a turtle with a shell at Palm Beach."

"Righto," Russ said. "I'll see you in the morning."

Helen and Evans walked up the beach, hand in hand. Jerry looked after them. "How you reckon you're gonna teach him to spear turtle in a morning? You're the only bloke I've ever met who learned to do it in six months."

"You heard him say he was going to be the star turn at Palm Beach," Russ said. "He doesn't know it, but he's going to be the star turn up here."

"What does that get you?" "Nothing," said Russ. "But he's got my girl."

"You mean the blonde?" Jerry said. "Yeah."

Jerry spat into the sand, shook his head, and turned back to the boat. "I'd rather have a turtle."

"Only a turtle would look at you," Russ said. "Come on, let's get this one out of the boat."

THAT EVENING Russ was sitting on the steps of his shack watching the sun go down behind a burning mountain of

cloud. He had just finished writing 50 words, the worst he'd written since he'd been in third grade at school.

He looked up to see Helen coming along the track. She was alone.

"Hello," she said, by way of opening the conversation.

Russ just nodded, and continued to stare out at the sunset. She obviously hadn't come up here just for the walk and he wasn't going to allow himself to be weakened again.

"Nice sunset," Helen said, taking the conversation a step farther.

Russ didn't disagree. More silence for a while. A coconut fell from a tree and hit the ground with a thud; it sounded like a bomb in the heavy silence.

Then Helen said, "I'm going home to marry Nick." Russ just nodded, and after a minute or two Helen spoke again. "You're sure you won't come back and live in Sydney?"

"No," said Russ. "Well, could we compromise? Let live nine months of the year in Sydney and three up here."

Russ weakened. "Make it the other way round and I might consider it."

But Helen wasn't having any. "What would I do for nine months up here? It all right for you—you have your writing to occupy you. What would I have? Spearing turtles, fishing, gathering coconuts—that's no life for a woman."

"You could be a pioneer," Russ said. "I'd rather be a playgirl," Helen said.

"Look, Russ, I know you think my life is empty and useless. But if I came up here to live with you, it would be a darn sight more useless."

"You'd be looking after me."

"How much of my time would that take? You never wear anything but a pair of shorts, so there'd be practically no laundry. I could clean out this shack in half an hour. And there'd never be any entertaining. I want a home, Russ, not a permanent holiday."

"We could have kids."

"And bring them up as natives? Well, that's an idea. We could raise a large family and in our old age be known as King Russ and Queen Helen."

There was movement down the track and Evans came into view. "I thought I'd find you up here," he said. "It's a fine thing to know that every time you lose your girl, you can find her at another man's shack." He stopped for a moment, as if he were listening to an echo, then said, "Do I sound peeved? I meant to."

"Don't let it worry you," Helen said. She moved over on the step. "Here, take a seat. I'm just trying to talk Russ into marrying me."

Evans sat down. "Go right ahead. Don't mind me."

Russ looked at him. "You're a gutless no-hoper, if ever I saw one."

"There's no need to be insulting," Helen said.

"I wasn't talking to you," Russ said and looked back at Evans. "Don't you believe in fighting for the woman you love?"

"Do you?" Evans said.

"Yes, definitely," Russ said.

"Oh, good," said Helen.

Evans said, "Look, Barker, I've got nothing against you. I knew the setup long before I came up here. Our mutual girl friend has explained it to me. I know she's in love with you and I know what the difficulty is. But I'm quite happy to be second choice. I've got my

ed writing 50 own ideas about there being only one
aten since he true love—"

"A philosopher," Helen said.
Helen coming Evans ignored her. "—and I think in
alone, time she could forget you ever existed.
ay of opening No offense meant."

"None taken," said Russ.

"Well, that's how it is," Evans said,
and stood up. "If you two can't work
out, I'll step in. And you'll pardon
my selfishness if I hope that you can't
come to an agreement."

Russ looked at Helen. "You'd better
go with him."

"You won't come back to Sydney?"
she said.

Russ shook his head. "Not even to
be buried."

Helen said nothing. She took Evans'
arm and they walked back up the track.

They had disappeared into the darkness
under the trees when Evans' voice

came floating back, "How about to-
morrow morning? Is our date with the
turtles still on?"

"Yes," Russ called. "Ten o'clock."

WHEN HE went down to the beach
next morning, after a sleepless night, he
felt in no mood for spearing turtles.
Evans and Helen were waiting for him,
sitting in Jerry Simpson's boat.

Russ waded out. As they made for
deep water he explained to Evans the
principles of the sport. Every so often
he looked at Helen, but she was still a
long way away. About as far away as
Sydney, he reckoned.

"You leaving this afternoon?" he said
to Evans.

"You bet," Evans said. "I can't say
I'm sorry you lost out, old man. You'll
understand my jubilation, of course?"

"Oh, sure," Russ said. "Go ahead and
jubilate all you want." He looked at
Helen. "My best wishes to both of
you."

She was wearing the French swim
suit again, but somehow she managed
to look dignified as she bowed. "Thank
you, Russell."

"This'll do," Jerry said, and let the
boat drift. "He'd better have a couple
practice dives first."

Russ dived a couple of times to show
Evans the trick of sending the full
weight of one's body in behind the har-
poon, then Evans tried his luck. The
first dive was almost a belly-flop, but at
the sixth try he was going into the water
in more or less the right way. But that
didn't mean he was going to spear a
turtle as soon as they saw one.

The sun climbed higher and got
hotter. The sea sparkled, then began to
turn to a blue glare on the eyes. Con-
versation was at a low ebb; Evans did
most of the talking, and after a time he
began to talk to himself, so he wouldn't
feel he was being snubbed.

"There's one!" Jerry yelled, and set
the boat in motion.

Evans stood up in the prow, while
Russ stood behind him, holding a second
harpoon and repeating the instruction
he'd given earlier. The boat edged closer
to the turtle and Evans, standing on his
toes now, prepared to dive.

"Now!" Russ shouted.

Evans was still in the air when Russ
saw the long blue-grey shape coming
through the water about 30 feet from
the boat. Helen and Jerry saw it. Helen
screamed and Jerry yelled, "Shark!"

Evans had hit the water, missing the
turtle by a yard, and had gone on down,
unaware that something was now after

bim. The shark slid across the front of
the boat, turning slightly as it went
down. Russ was halfway to the water,
the harpoon he held aimed dead at the
shark's belly, before he realized what he
was doing. Heck, he thought, what am I
doing here? But it was too late to turn
back now and he went on down, feeling
the harpoon strike home and drive deep.
He let go the harpoon, feeling his shoul-
der graze the huge body as he went past,
then he was kicking furiously for the
surface. The water darkened and
foamed about him as the shark thrashed
in a mad effort to get the harpoon out of
its belly, but Russ had done a good job.

Russ came to the surface to see Evans
being hauled into the boat by Jerry.
Helen was clutching the side of the boat
and shouting frantically something that
Russ couldn't catch, but that he took to
be advice to get a move on. He didn't
need advice. He kicked once, thrashed
his arms, and almost dived out of the
water into the boat.

"No need to hurry," Jerry said. "You
fixed him for good, I reckon."

The shark was 30 or 40 yards from
the boat, still thrashing the water but
already getting weaker in its struggles.
Evans leaned across and took Russ' hand
and shook it vigorously.

"Thanks, pal. Thanks a lot."

Helen said nothing. She was lying in
a dead faint on the bottom of the boat.

THAT AFTERNOON Russ sat on the
steps of his shack and watched the
plane circle the island, then head for the
mainland. He knew he'd never be able
to write another worth-while line, but at
least he'd proved he could make up his
mind and stick to his decision. He'd
proved he wasn't putty in a woman's
hands. Helen had come up here, shown
off her looks and her figure, tried to
make him jealous, even tried to weaken
him by making love to him, but he'd
remained firm and strong, a man who
knew what he wanted.

What he wanted was in that plane,
now almost out of sight. He hadn't gone
down to see them leave because he knew
he would have weakened and climbed
aboard with them. Seeing Helen limp
and helpless on the bottom of the boat
this morning had been the final straw,
but when she'd regained consciousness
she'd gone up to her hut without speak-
ing to him. Well, he'd have to start
thinking of ways to forget Helen.

"Hello," she said.

He looked up. He stared at her stand-
ing at the bottom of the steps, then out
to the plane, now just a speck in the sky,
then back at her. He almost fell down
the steps and scooped her up in his
arms. All resistance ran out of him as
he kissed her, but he didn't care.

"I couldn't go," Helen said. "And
Nick didn't want me to. He said I
should stay here with you."

"We'll catch tomorrow's plane," Russ
said. "We'll pack tonight—"

"No," Helen said. "We'll stay here.
You'll write and I'll learn to spear
turtle—"

"Nothing doing," Russ said. "We'll
move back to Sydney for good."

"Why don't you do half and half?"
Jerry stood at the end of the track,
watching them. "Six months in Sydney,
six months up here."

Helen and Russ looked at each other,
then Russ turned to Jerry. "King
Solomon, meet Mr. and Mrs. Russell
Barker, of Sydney and Wallaroo Island."

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SUMMER'S NO PICNIC

by Eileen Morris,

Beauty Editor

Let's face it . . . the pavements sear your feet, the sun leaves your hair streaked and your skin dry. It's all too easy to fold up like Miss Limp. But this summer, no matter what the humidity, *you* are going to stay as pretty as Miss Cool! Here are some pointers:



DO sunbathe gradually. Avoid the dangerous noon sun, and never stay out for hours. Direct rays aren't necessary, really; you can turn copper-brown simply by being out in the air.

DO wear a cool hair-do, and keep it freshly combed. Shampoo oftener. Apply a little hair balm after your swim, to avoid dry, brittle ends.

DO change your make-up frequently. Start with a sheer powder base that will stand up to the heat. Then gently press ice-cold skin freshener over face and throat, and finish with your powder. Keep all make-up keyed to your skin tone.

DO enjoy the lift of fragrance. Through the day, mop your throat and arms with cool cologne. Keep your fragrance bottles out of direct sunlight, for excessive light and heat cause the alcohol to evaporate, spoiling the perfume.

DO get more rest. A siesta is ideal, for lying down does cool you. Get up earlier so you can go at tortoise-pace all day. And plan most of your work in the freshness of morning.

DO practice every cooling trick you can. We're all for sheer dresses, low, light shoes, a parasol, swimming in the cool of evening, lazing in a deck chair sipping mint tea and reading a frivolous book!

DO be an attractive water baby. A lipstick fixative keeps your mouth pleasantly rosy though you plunge head-first into the lake—and your lips won't sunburn.

DON'T think you *must* burn before you tan. Save yourself pain and a damaged skin by using protective lotions, oil cream, specially on such tender spots as your shoulder nose, and back of your knees.

DON'T let your hair collapse. A few permanent curls will work miracles. And for a neater head fold wispy ends in tissue 2 inches square at night, then roll on a curler.

DON'T let down on your grooming. To look fresh wherever you may be, carry a purse packet of cleansing tissues, clean cotton balls for repowdering, pads of skin freshener, flacon of scent.

DON'T dash for that cold shower—it will leave you a-glow for hours. Instead run a lukewarm tub, dawdle as long as you dare. Blot your body dry and finish with fragrant cologne or talc.

DON'T stick to salads, salads, salads. Retain your usual diet, but cut down on butter, cream, gravy, fatty meat and gooey desserts. If you do strenuous work, take extra salt.

DON'T neglect your eyes. After long hours in the sun and wind, use eye drops. Smooth eye cream on when outdoors, then wear your dark glasses. Nightly give the delicate eye area extra cream.

DON'T forget your feet. Prop 'em up whenever you can and keep them happy with menthol, talc, warm-to-cold dousing. Change your shoes and stockings often.

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Equal Rights for Men

Continued from page 15

that the girl, no matter if she's a tenth offender, is immediately eligible for parole. On a two-year rap she could be free in a week. There is no such easy out for a man or youth. He gets "One year definite with two years less a day, indeterminate." Maybe this sounds involved, but it claps the youth into jail for that first year; the girl is ready for immediate release.

Master and Servant is another law designed and created for the protection of women. Let the so-called master take a verbal or physical pass at his housemaid and the tumult can spread from here to there in spades.

I don't know too much about the upper classes but if I've read the proper novels or seen the life-as-it-is pictures and plays Mama sometimes makes eyes at the footman or chauffeur or even at the butler if there are such prizes in Canada.

Are these impeccable and hygienic males protected? Not a chance!

Canadian Men—The Oppressed Minority

If you've read this indignant outburst up to this point you must be branding its author as a cry-baby and wondering why he brings his lamentations to a national magazine devoted to the interests and welfare of Canadian women.

The fact is that Canada's women are the only persons who can get us men off the hook.

Laws protecting women were drawn up, debated and passed by men. Financially they protect them with baby bonuses, mother's allowances, dower rights, minimum wages and heaven knows what else. Physically they protect them against molestation by thought, word or gesture.

Magistrates in every Canadian province except Quebec, which takes a saner view, have ruled that women have a right to go through their husbands' pockets and extract cash. In other words they have a right to be thieves. Can you name a magistrate who has given any husband the right to extract cash from his wife's pocketbook even though he personally put the cash in that pocketbook?

Glance through the ownership or stockholder lists of Canada's 50 biggest companies and you'll find that women own them; or most of them. If these women are widows their husbands worked to supply those stocks. If they are married women the chances are the stocks came from some male ancestor or from hubby who was undertaking to chisel a bit on the income tax by giving Mama part of the taxable revenue. But if or when Hubby can no longer earn, Mama can see him go hungry and the law can't make her contribute a nickel to his support.

The credit files of every department store from Halifax to Victoria list married women who have opened accounts unknown to the husband and then launched an orgy of spending that left the husband financially on the ropes or in the manager's office with embarrassed pleas or explanations.

This business of making the husband responsible reaches its peak in places where a married woman wishes to

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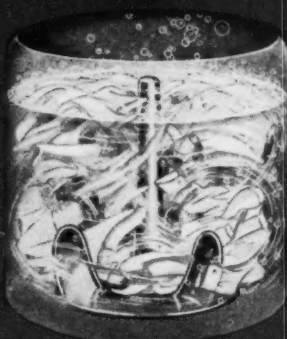
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HOUSEHOLD *Beatty* APPLIANCES

mortgage her own property. As I've said no married man can mortgage his own house without his wife's written consent.

A married Canadian woman can mortgage her personal property without letting the husband know—provided the mortgage company is willing to take a chance.

Usually, however, the married woman will be asked about her personal income.

"Well," she explains, "I have the rent from this house I'm mortgaging."

"Anything else? Any dividends, bond coupons or royalties; any earning capacity?"

"Well, no; I don't work, if that's what you mean."

"So that your husband supports you?"

"Certainly . . . and why not?"

"Nothing personal, Mrs. Whosis, but since your husband is responsible for all your debts, including this one, we make it a policy to notify him. That is unless you can show enough personal income to meet the various payments under this mortgage."

Usually this finds Mrs. Whosis affronted. When she buys things on her gas card or charge account or hotel courtesy she never bothers to tell Pete and here's this man daring to demand a signature in advance.

Often Mrs. Whosis decides to go somewhere else and that leaves the loan man unruffled and unresponsive. He's been through it all before.

And Mrs. Whosis learns that the others will ask questions too. Maybe that's because men run the mortgage companies and have a small nub of conscience. They know that Hubby is responsible for everything his wife borrows or spends or gives away and perhaps the poor guy should know about it.

Honestly, gals; take a look at those laws. They were all right in Grandma's day when a girl in business was a curiosity like a calf with three heads. But today most every girl goes to work

and 40% keep on working after marriage. Not because they have to, though some do, but usually because they wish to work.

Many a Canadian wife receives better pay than her husband, but he must support her whether he's sick or well, flush or broke, employed or jobless.

Some of the men, swamped by persecution complex which makes them feel like martyrs, refuse to pay, so there are special courts to deal with the likes of them. Domestic relations courts.

There they are told to pay up or else. Or else what?

Or else you are in contempt of court. And when you're in contempt of court you can be sent to jail until you purify that contempt. And since the only way you can purge it is by getting money to pay your wife, and since you can't earn money in jail you come to the old question: How high is up?

Theoretically you could be in that jail forever and the amount of sympathy you'll get could fit loosely into the eye of a needle.

Do I hear a thunderous roar of approval when I say that we of the oppressed minority, the men of Canada, are entitled to equal rights with women?

No, folks, I don't. That *wish* you hear is an oncoming tomato . . . overripe.

Do I see nods of agreement when I write that the rich and well-entrenched majority of Canadians—the women—should have some of their special privileges stripped away.

No, boy. That bundle of mail that just arrived contains neither fan letter nor applause card. Unless my Borneo crystal deceives me those letters will say, "Whatsa matter, sissy; Can't you take it? Are you looking for some rich lass to pick up the check. For shame!"

Oh, well, I've got an excuse. Maybe I've seen too many Oriental countries where wives seem to get along on none of the protective privileges which cuddle and spoil them in this, my native land.



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Hollywood

Continued from page 21

ticket holders who waited to see free radio shows at these new emporiums of entertainment stretched around the block and back. Millions more listened. And the movies languished.

So almost everyone who had something to say that would pay his bed and board moved west. Manhattan became a name for a talent pool from which plays, playwrights and stars could be recruited for radio as soon as they hit the marquee lights. The coming of the war brought radio and movies into neck-to-neck prosperity as men and women everywhere were uprooted from home and family, and went out to share their loneliness and to find escape, when they did not sit indoors. But the wise boys of the business knew then that it was an interlude. One day the struggle would be on again, and both pictures and radio would have to produce really worth-while entertainment if they were to hold the postwar public.

What they didn't count on, many of them, was that a new gadget was going to muscle in. And so I went back, at this half-century mark, to see the latest Hollywood upheaval—television.

The violent tremblings of these three worlds in collision are something you cannot visualize or appreciate without standing in the heart of Hollywood and watching and listening and assessing. For Hollywood is a town, as you know, with its nerves laid on the surface like streetcar tracks or telephone wires. They will tell you that if you hang around Sardi's restaurant on Manhattan's 44th St. long enough, you can plot next season's theatrical chart; if you stand in Piccadilly Circus for an afternoon, you'll see a priest, poet or king of every country in the world go by. But none of the world vantage points shout their secrets as loudly as the four corners of Sunset and Vine do.

Twenty years ago the village corner looked much as it does now, in many respects. There were the men's shops with their brilliant sportswear, the little bars and cafés and fresh-fruit stands and drug-stores and music shops. The old men sat in the sun, as they do now, on the street-side benches, and the pastel convertibles moved four abreast each along the wide street. Tourists lingered hopefully for visions of the famous

slipping out of limousines to shop or keep appointments. I remember that freckled-face girl with dark glasses and a simple white dress who had just changed her name to Joan Crawford; the youthful exuberance of Douglas Fairbanks the younger, and gay young Bob Montgomery zipping by in miniature cars; the throngs hanging around fabulous Pickfair for a glimpse of the great idyll of Mary and Doug . . .

Ten years ago the corners of Sunset and Vine had changed subtly; for within a ball's toss were the great radio buildings that represented the broadcasting headquarters of a continent. The giggling teen-agers mobbing Frank Sinatra as he emerged from CBS; people asking who the tall thoughtful-looking young man was and saying the name Gregory Peck over; pointing out the luscious Ava Gardner as the girl who had just divorced Mickey Rooney . . .

And radio was at its highest; the flood was at its full.

Today the neon lights that banner the sky above Sunset and Vine say Television. The corner of the western entertainment world is now a three-way street. Five years from now, I predict, you will think of Hollywood as the heart of the big three, rather than the movie capital. True, dozens of performers are

pulling up stakes and leaving for New York. But the climate and way of life, the amenities of the magic lotus land will always attract big entertainment business, as it has other big business.

I have watched television in New York and Chicago and Buffalo; and I'll put my money on the line for the eventual emergence of Hollywood as the roundhouse for tomorrow's dream fare in whatever sugar-coated form you take it.

For this is the day of the performing commuter. Already stars move to Europe, Africa, India and back for pictures as casually as once they traveled to locations around Los Angeles. These men and women of film, radio and many of them soon to be the stars of television, are the new international set. I talked with Richard Green, now making "Desert Haw," with Yvonne de Carlos. He had shot the last scenes of an English picture Friday night and commenced work on a Hollywood lot the following Monday morning.

Deborah Kerr was making studio shots following her sojourn in Africa for King Solomon's Mines. Locations thousands of miles apart are possible now. She was being congratulated, the day we chatted, on her new assignment, "Quo Vadis," to be filmed in Rome. She



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Yield: About 13 cups
Use standard measuring cups and spoons
2 cups Swift'ning
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1/2 cup (4 tbsps.) baking powder
(double-acting like Calumet or Blue Ribbon, or phosphate type like Magic).
1 tsp. salt
Combine sifted flour, baking powder, salt. Stir well. Sift into large bowl (or pan or heavy paper). Add Swift'ning. Use finger tips or pastry blender to distribute Swift'ning throughout dry ingredients until mixture resembles coarse meal.
For success, be sure to use Swift'ning. The Make-Your-Own Mix is now ready to use or store in your pantry.

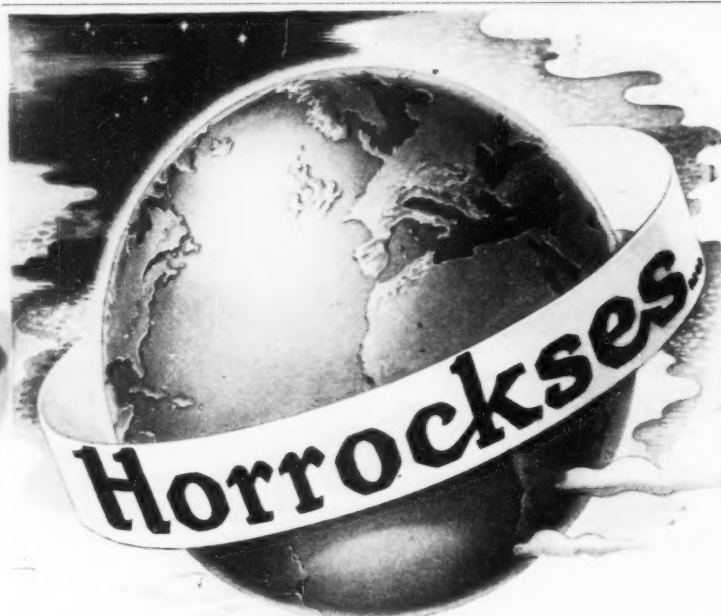


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would drop around by England en route over . . .

I watched Dick Haymes sing on a CBS Hollywood radio show. He commuted this spring between New York—where he was making a picture—and Hollywood, for his weekly radio program. And with the passenger use of jets predicted within five years, Hollywood will become more and more a checking-in home office, from which production units will roam the world to make pictures.

New Technique for Video

Because so many of the movie people need stage training for television they are going out in droves to straw-hat theatres, Broadway plays and back to dramatic coaches. Katharine Hepburn and Jean Arthur are two examples of highly established film favorites now brushing up (and mighty effectively) in New York productions.

Whether or not the coming stars of television can stand the present strain of production remains to be seen. The men and women in this field today are the young eager beavers around Hollywood—but even such brilliant and well-trained performers as Canada's Alan Young are finding the going tremendously strenuous. A number of performers plan to follow Bob Hope in his idea of special—or widely spaced—video performances.

Stimulated by the rags-to-riches story of William Boyd, the white-haired cowboy star of ancient days who zoomed into fame with the new generation of young TV fans, a lot of male stars are putting on their spurs. Boyd's Hop-along Cassidy films were dug out by a company which thought them of little use and sold them in a bundle to the video people. Stars like Jimmie Stewart, George Murphy and Gary Cooper began to realize that perhaps too many "significant" and adult pictures had lost them a generation of fans in the making; so along with their horse-opera activities all are busy as beavers working in the

Boy Scouts, playground associations, teen-age groups and others such.

The sale of old English pictures, too, for TV use has upped the stock of such stars as James Mason, Michael Redgrave and Sir Ralph Richardson so that even their English accents are no longer a bar to U. S. acceptance.

"Movies Are Here to Stay"

Already Hollywood is through its first case of jitters. Entertainment, the moguls now realize, is to be a three-way split. Perhaps one day television will replace radio, but not until it can be projected a great deal farther for a great deal less. Radio is still paying the bills . . . and through the nose.

As for the movies, undercover mergers and deals with video, are already being made; soon the whole matter will emerge and be organized.

Reorganization within the industry has clipped expenses in film-making which were in many cases ridiculously extravagant. Some of the quickie studios will undoubtedly make films for television showing. But, I believe, the B picture will go; that the important film—comedy, drama, musical—will continue to be a theatre attraction. Shorts which can be used first in the movie houses and later in the video studios will improve and bring the educational, pictorial and documentary type material millions of people love and can find too little of.

Movie house owners, who stand to lose most if video should ever replace films, will probably revamp their showings and get a deal in which some such plan as high-frequency television, unachievable on a home set, may be used in the theatres.

The prophets agree, however, that whatever happens to radio, the movies are here to stay . . . and because the movie makers have millions of investment in equipment, stars and sets which the TV people need for the endless flow of material over the air channels, there is no doubt but that a good dicker will be made. +

A-hunting She Will Go

Continued from page 33

"Food revolts me," Cora said. "I'll open a can of something."

She shuffled dispiritedly into the kitchen. Throughout the evening Mr. Bishop was unable to rally her spirits. But he was not seriously disturbed. In a day or two at most she would be back to normal and the familiar Bishop family routine maintained.

The following morning Mrs. Bishop once again drove her spouse to the station, but this time she dropped him there.

"Staying home today?" Mr. Bishop caroled gleefully. "By, sugar."

He kissed her resoundingly and strode toward the station, a free and independent hunter and fisher once again. His work went well except for the brooding fact in his mind that Mr. Grooby refused to see eye to eye with him about that raise.

He had an out-of-town call to make after lunch, finished up at four and saw no reason to report back to the office at quitting time. He caught a train for home, got off at the station, and before going home decided to drop in at Ye

Olde Gifte Shoppe and pick up a detective story from the rental library.

He ambled down Main Street, turned in at the door and stood before the bookshelves, looking over the array of mystery titles.

"Anything special you were looking for?" a voice accosted him.

"Just looking," he said brusquely, objecting to clerks who breathed down the back of his neck, then something about the voice made him spin around and he stared into the eyes of his wife. She smiled brightly at him and drew a book from the second shelf.

"This has been very popular," she said. "It just now came back."

MR. BISHOP, on the verge of telling her what to do with the book, held his temper and refrained. His face got red.

"I get out at five-thirty," Cora said. "Why don't you just browse around until then? I have the car and—"

Mr. Bishop, ignoring the books, the greeting cards, glassware and costume jewelry, charged out the door.

He plodded toward home, stopping en route to collect his daughter at the nursery. He found her in the back yard playing merrily with half a dozen other children.

"Poor kid," said Mr. Bishop, trudging home with her. "You poor poor kid."

Julie looked up at him uncomprehendingly. "I'm all right, daddy," she said.

"Poor neglected child," said Mr. Bishop. "No mother. No mother to run to for cookies and milk in the afternoon. No mother to run to when baby falls down and hurts her knee—"

"Mommy's got a job," shouted Julie proudly.

Mr. Bishop decided he would have ulcers. He would get nothing fit to eat with his wife working and his nerves would be shot. He was sitting in the living room developing the ulcer theory when Cora came in.

"No doubt you're exhausted," said Mr. Bishop.

"Not a bit," Cora caroled. "I'm exhilarated. I'm taking my part in the world."

Mr. Bishop sat there, awaiting the arrival of ulcers. He went in to dinner overcome with self-pity and there was a steak with mushrooms and french fried potatoes. The ulcer technique died a quick death.

The condemned man ate a hearty dinner and brooded. Finally at 11 o'clock, buttoning the top of his pyjamas, Mr. Bishop reached a conclusion. The man of affairs had made up his mind.

"Cora," he said sternly.

"Yes, darling." In bed, his wife looked sleepily up at him.

Mr. Bishop drew himself up and tried to look the dignified executive and man of the house although his striped pyjamas were admittedly a handicap.

"I cannot allow you to work," said Mr. Bishop. "You will stop immediately."

"Why, darling, I've just started."

"You will quit," said Mr. Bishop. "If you don't stop—"

Mr. Bishop paused impressively.

"Well what?" said his wife. "Speak up, dear, I'm sleepy."

"If you don't quit," said Mr. Bishop portentously, "it means the end. It means divorce."

He waited to see her blanch and instead she laughed. "Silly boy," she said, "go to bed. Tomorrow's Saturday and I have a big day at the shop."

She reached up and swiftly kissed him and switched off the light.

MR. BISHOP had another bad night but it was worse in the morning. He was accustomed to indulging himself on Saturday morning, to have a long and leisurely breakfast involving pancakes or waffles. He played golf on Saturday or he went to football or baseball games in season. He would be doing it no longer. He would be handcuffed to the house because his wife worked. This was the final crowning humiliation and he would not put up with it.

He marched into the kitchen ready to blow up with an explosion that would rock Edgcomb Drive to its foundations. Cora looked at him over her coffee cup.

"I have to dash," she said. "Charles, I know what you're thinking. But I am not going to interfere with your weekend relaxation."

"I cannot take Julie to the golf course," Mr. Bishop began. "And if you think—"

"I know all that," Cora said nervously. "I have a little surprise for you.

I should have told you last night but you seemed upset about things." She moved toward the door and opened it halfway. Dressed for town in a smart business suit she looked very fetching, but Mr. Bishop was too mad to tell her so.

"Your Saturdays will be completely free," she said. "It'll work out beautifully and save money all around and you'll have a fine time and of course while you pretend to be annoyed I know you really love her and she thinks the world of you and it will all work out nicely and—"

"What are you talking about?" demanded Mr. Bishop.

"Mother is arriving on the ten-thirty train this morning," she said. "I told her you would meet her. Good-by, dear." She kissed him, and hurried outside and up the street.

Mr. Bishop prowled around the house after Julie, then went outside only to encounter his next-door neighbor, Mr. Stacey.

Stacey leaned across the fence, an amused look in his eyes.

"I just came back from downtown," he said. "Dropped into Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe."

Mr. Bishop let that one go by him.

"Your wife's working there," pursued Mr. Stacey.

"What of it?" said Mr. Bishop.

Mr. Stacey giggled nervously. "Well, nothing," he said, "but I was surprised, you know."

"My wife," said Mr. Bishop, "is a hunter and a fisher."

Mr. Stacey's lower jaw went slack.

"A producer and a contributor," added Mr. Bishop. "Not like many women"—Mr. Bishop fixed his neighbor with a hard bright eye—"a parasite. Not a Mom."

Mr. Stacey, in over his depth, attempted to flounder to the surface by changing the subject. "How's business?" he said slyly. "I had heard there were some soft spots in your line."

Mr. Bishop, who began to see what he was driving at, was rendered speechless for an instant.

"Business was never better," he said thickly. "My wife works because—well because—she works."

"I'm sure of it," Mr. Stacey said nervously. "I think that's your phone ringing."

Mr. Bishop went back inside the house and informed the caller his wife was not in.

"Shopping?" said the feminine voice. "I'll call back in an hour."

"She won't be back until lord knows when," said Mr. Bishop bitterly. "She's working at Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe."

"Why how precious," said the voice. "Why how marvelous. I never thought she'd go through with it. I think it's simply wonderful of her. But I always did say that Cora had a strong character.

She said at bridge club last Wednesday that she was going out and go to work and we simply roared at her. I mean nobody took her seriously for an instant. I just can't get over it. You must be terribly proud of her, Mr. Bishop."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Bishop. "Oh, heck yes."

"Well," said the voice, suddenly doubtful, "I'll have to dash right downtown and see her. By-by."

"By-by," said Mr. Bishop.

He hung up and looked at his watch to discover that the train was due to arrive in six minutes and his mother-in-law didn't like to be kept waiting.

Are you in the know?



Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven't met?

- ☐ Check with your hostess ☐ Give him the deep freeze ☐ Defrost

He didn't happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks—you're a snub-deb. Defrost! According to Emily you-know-who, it's correct to talk with any guest. Even if you haven't met officially. You

can talk back to your calendar, too (when it taunts you with "outline" qualms.) Just remember, Kotex has flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines. Unquestionably. Lets you stay in the party picture... fluster-proof... and so self possessed!



How should you greet your date mate?

- ☐ Dash out when he "honks"
☐ Ask him into the house
☐ Take your own sweet time

"One toot and ye're out!" (As the Scottish lecturer said—to the old lady with the ear trumpet.) Does the toot of your joe's jolopy send you scurrying out? That's unsmart. Ask him into the house for a word with the family. Then leave promptly, on your merry way. Even on "difficult" days you'll be poised, comfortable. For Kotex gives softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!

What helps, if you've that "lobster" look?

- ☐ Antiseptic lotion
☐ Tinted makeup base
☐ A flame-coloured formal

You got yourself barbecued just before the big dance! And with white marks left by your swim-suit straps and bracelet. Next time, take your sunning sensibly. Meantime, ease the broil with antiseptic lotion; plus a tinted makeup base, to cover up. The first two answers above are right. Always right for your sanitary protection needs is one of the 3 Kotex absorbencies. You'll find Regular, Junior or Super just suited to you.



★T.M. Regd

More women choose
KOTEX* than all other
sanitary napkins

"Very Personally Yours", new Free booklet for teenagers. Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days... the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts. Send your name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. CH-6, 431 Victoria Avenue, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



P.S. They're plastic housewares that have been laboratory appraised by the Dow Product Evaluation Committee.. Look for this Label →



DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA, LIMITED • TORONTO • MONTREAL • REGINA

New ironing ease! Less ironing time!

Canadian Beauty "Featherlite" AUTOMATIC

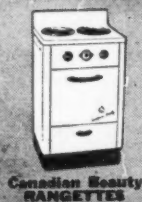
Amazing lightness takes the arm strain out of ironing. 6-position Heat Selector gives correct ironing temperatures—speeds up work. No long waits for iron to heat up or cool off. No plug pulling. Fully guaranteed against mechanical or electrical defects. See it at Electrical, Hardware, Furniture or Department stores.



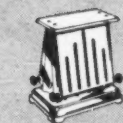
TAKE IT WITH YOU! USE IT AT HOME! Canadian Beauty TRAVELLER'S IRON with ZIPPER CASE

Convenient for week-ends or vacations. Ideal for business girls. Does the work of a large iron yet takes little room in suit case or travelling bag. Smart, leatherette case in coral red or saddle brown. Makes a wonderful gift.

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Canadian Beauty RANGETTES



Canadian Beauty TOASTERS



Canadian Beauty HOT PLATES



MAJESTIC AIR HEATERS

QUALITY APPLIANCE MANUFACTURERS FOR MORE THAN 45 YEARS

She might, however, be an ally. Mr. Bishop reached the station, stowed the suitcases in the back, then started out.

"I am relying on you," he said, "to knock this utterly cockeyed notion out of Cora's head. She won't listen to me, but you're her mother, she thinks the world of you, and she'll listen to you. Tell her how idiotic—"

"Idiotic?" said his mother-in-law coldly. "It seems to me she deserves a lot of admiration. In fact, Charles, I was always somewhat disappointed that she married as soon as she got out of college. Of course she was mad about you and couldn't think of another thing. But it did seem to me that her training was wasted. And she could have had oodles of jobs, didn't she ever tell you?"

"That much I have been spared," said Mr. Bishop, clashing the gears and swerving the car.

"Why Mr. Sprague who had a box factory in town—you remember old George Sprague don't you, white-haired man with glasses, I'm sure you met him at the wedding—anyway, Mr. Sprague had counted on her working for him."

"If it weren't for me I guess she'd be the box king—I mean queen—by now," said Mr. Bishop and simmered in silence the rest of the way home.

That night after Cora came home the talk was all of Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe. Mr. Bishop could remember when his wife and mother-in-law listened to the pearly words of wisdom that fell from his lips. Such was no longer the case, and to get away from it all, Mr. Bishop retired to the study and his chequered book.

An hour later he emerged. "I don't get this," he said. "You wrote a couple of cheques to department stores and they're crossed out but the cheques were cashed. I've got the canceled ones."

"Well there were some housedresses advertised by two different stores," Cora said. "I wasn't sure which would be best so I ordered both, planning to send back the one I didn't want, and it turned out that neither of them were what I wanted so I sent them both back and naturally I crossed out the cheques and added them to the balance so you wouldn't get mixed up."

"But the cheques were cashed," Mr. Bishop pointed out painfully. "I've got the canceled cheques."

"Well it's so simple," Cora said. "Of course the cheques were cashed, but I sent the dresses back and we'll get the cheques back. Not the same cheques, of course, but the department store cheques so it'll be just the same as though it never happened."

Mr. Bishop said something under his breath and en route back to the study he heard his mother-in-law asking his wife how long Charles had been using profanity around the house.

Mr. Bishop sat in his study and finally said, "May the lord have mercy on Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe."

A WEEK went by and Mr. Bishop had to face facts. He had studied his daughter intensively and to his disappointment she was apparently neither frustrated nor developing neurotic tendencies. His wife was keeping up her health and energy, she had got a weekly pay cheque and presented it to him, and he had turned it down. His mother-in-law was running the house.

Mr. Bishop went dejectedly in to work and in midafternoon his telephone rang.

The boss' secretary said, "Mr. Grooby would like to see you."

Mr. Bishop got up from his desk examined his conscience, found it clear and marched into the sanctum sanctorum. Mr. Grooby sat back and favored Mr. Bishop with a brief and unencouraging smile. He did not offer him a cigar and Mr. Bishop felt worried.

"Charles," said Mr. Grooby. "I am somewhat perturbed. Yes. Quite. But let me reassure you. Not about your work."

It must be his morals then, Mr. Bishop thought. He couldn't recall pinching any stenographers recently and remained puzzled.

"My wife," said Mr. Grooby, "had occasion yesterday to drop into Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe—"

Mr. Bishop sat up straighter. "—to purchase some glassware—"

Mr. Bishop had a vision of himself of relief. He knew just what had happened. The plain truth was that Mrs. Bishop considered Mrs. Grooby an aged frump with no taste whatsoever. Mrs. Bishop at the coldly formal once-a-year dinner with the boss, disapproved of her hostess' clothes, her hair-do, her furniture, her silver service and her curtains. Undoubtedly she had now insulted Mrs. Grooby, and because of it he was going to take the rap. It was unfair. Mr. Bishop straightened angrily, but Mr. Grooby was carrying on.

"She found your wife most helpful," said Mr. Grooby. "Most co-operative. She went out of her way to find a selection that delighted Mrs. Grooby."

Baffled at this point Mr. Bishop sat back and tried unsuccessfully to relax.

"But I am disturbed," said Mr. Grooby. "Charles, when you applied for a raise the other day, as you know I vetoed the suggestion. But since my wife informed me last night that Mrs. Bishop is a clerk in a gift shop, I have been giving some more thought to your situation." Mr. Grooby leaned forward suddenly. "You haven't been gambling Charles?"

"No sir."

"I thought not. Charles, you should have told me. The high cost of living, I suppose. I cannot allow a man of your status in my organization, Charles, to be forced to send his wife out to seek employment in order to meet expenses. Your next pay envelope, Charles, will contain a 10% increase."

Mr. Grooby extended his hand. After a moment Mr. Bishop shook hands, thanked him dazedly and tottered back to his desk.

AN HOUR later Mr. Bishop was riding the train home, but he made no attempt to read his newspaper. In his mind Mr. Bishop was working out the details of a future interview with Mr. Grooby.

"Bishop," said Mr. Grooby sternly in this imagined but soon-to-be-real talk, "I am perturbed. My wife informs me that she encountered Mrs. Bishop in Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe yesterday. I had thought with the raise I gave you, your wife would no longer find it necessary to seek employment."

"She yearns to be a hunter and a fisher."

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Grooby coldly. "Speak a little more clearly. What did you say?"

At this point Mr. Bishop's imagination bogged down. He got back into the imaginary interview with Grooby say-

ing, "Well then, if you don't approve of your wife working, why don't you tell her to stop?"

And there was no answer to that one. Mr. Bishop could not say that while he disapproved of his wife working, he admired her spirit, and for all the world he would not change her for a brow-beaten order-taking wife such as Mrs. Grooby. He would sit there and be silent and Mr. Grooby would regard him as a henpecked husband, and if there were any promotions in the office, they would not come Mr. Bishop's way.

Looking haggard, Mr. Bishop got off the train and plodded toward home. He put one foot before another along Edgecomb Drive and up the steps to No. 14. Unlocking the door Mr. Bishop stepped wearily inside.

The dog was snoozing peacefully before the fireplace, his daughter, industriously dressing a doll, climbed to her feet and toddled over to greet him with a kiss. The house seemed strangely serene.

Mr. Bishop went out to the kitchen and found Cora peering into the oven. An apron was knotted about her waist, her face was flushed and as she looked at him, Mr. Bishop thought there was something different about her expression, a new light in her eyes.

Mr. Bishop's heart sank. She had probably got a raise.

"Where's your old—your mother?" said Mr. Bishop.

"She went home on the four o'clock."

"Well, that's—too bad, too bad," said Mr. Bishop. "A bit sudden, wasn't it?"

"Yes. I think she was disgusted with me. Of course when she gets used to the idea she'll be thrilled, but she was so proud of my becoming

a businesswoman and now that I've quit—"

"You what?" Mr. Bishop had opened the refrigerator and removed a slice of cold chicken. "Well," he said complacently, "I didn't think you'd last long. I felt all along—"

"You don't know what you're talking about," Cora said scornfully. "I'm trapped, that's all. Trapped. I'm going to have a baby. Yes a ba—Charles—don't strangle me!"

ALL WAS peaceful at No. 14 Edgecomb Drive. Mr. Bishop, behind his newspaper, sighed comfortably in the warm interior of his home, in the bosom of his family. Cora looked up questioningly.

"Yes?" Mr. Bishop beamed at her.

"I was a little disturbed about the baby at first," Cora said. "Not for long. It'll be wonderful to have another child. It just means that I postpone my business career. And of course I have to have the children while I'm young. Charles, how much capital would I need to open up a gift shop of my own."

"What?" Mr. Bishop's hair began to stand on end.

Cora was looking dreamily past him. "I can just see it," she said. "Of course it'll be several years, but I know just how it will look."

There was a rapt expression on her face as she stared into the distance seeing window displays, gleaming tiers of glassware, Wedgwood . . .

An uneasy feeling crawled across Mr. Bishop's scalp and down the back of his neck. His face got red and then suddenly he too began to relax and presently, like his wife, he was staring with calm meditation into the night.

He had always, Mr. Bishop thought reflectively, wanted a large family. +

Refrigerator Meals

Continued from page 13

Refrigerator Tricks

There are little ways your refrigerator can serve you like these:

Hasten setting of gelatin (for salad molds or dessert whips) by putting in coldest part of your ice refrigerator in a freezer tray until almost firm.

Canned meats will be easier to slice if you chill them for several hours before serving.

To store commercial ice cream—If in brick form—slice brick through lengthwise and fit into freezer tray. If it's bulk ice cream, pack into freezer tray, cover and place in freezing compartment. Will keep for three or four days this way. Handy if you use ice cream for dessert garnishes or for milk shakes.

Parsley or watercress—wash and place jar before putting into refrigerator. These more perishable garnish greens will be perky for days longer than if you just tossed them into the crispier.

The meat storage pan will hold a 3 or 4 days' supply. Wipe meat with a damp cloth and store unwrapped. Ground meat should be frozen if stored for more than 24 hours.

Make up hamburgers (seasonings, onion and all) in the morning. Store them with a piece of waxed paper between—and an over-all wrapping in the meat tray. They'll be ready for a quick barbecue supper or for taking to the camp fire picnic party. If you've a freezing compartment these ready-to-

cook patties can be frozen and kept there for several days.

Orange Ice Box Pie

Spiced crumbs

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup crisp toast or rusk crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground cloves
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger
- 3 tablespoons melted butter

Filling

- 1 small can evaporated milk ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup)
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
- 1 tablespoon grated orange peel
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup granulated sugar

Combine toast or rusk crumbs, brown sugar and spices and mix well. Work in the melted butter. Line 1 quart-size refrigerator tray with crumbs, pressing firmly to bottom and sides. Prepare filling as follows: Pour milk into ice cube tray and chill until crystals start to form. Separate eggs and mix yolks with sugar, lemon and orange peel and juice. Beat egg whites until stiff, then lightly mix in yolk mixture.

Turn chilled milk into bowl, beat stiff and carefully fold into egg mixture. Pour into refrigerator tray lined with spiced crumbs. Swirl top, decorate with

Continued on page 53



Make this Gorgeous Treat with Wonderful New Fast DRY Yeast!

Such a scrumptious dessert! Save it for a party?—not a bit of it! Make it now—easily, speedily with Fleischmann's grand new Dry Yeast—the kind that keeps potent and fast-rising 'right' in an envelope on your shelf!

Imagine the convenience! No more quick-spoiling cakes of yeast! No more

tired, slow-rising yeast! No more yeast in the icebox! New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps all its potency till the very moment you use it.

Now see how easy yeast baking can be. See what grand results! Get a dozen packages of Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast—it keeps in your cupboard!

SUMPTUOUS SWEET-FILLED BRAID (Makes 2 large braids)

Scald

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water
- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and

- 1 well-beaten egg

Stir in

- 2 cups once-sifted bread flour
- and beat until smooth; work in
- $\frac{2}{4}$ cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught and let rise until doubled in bulk.

While dough is rising, combine

- 1 slightly-beaten egg
- 2 tablespoons cream
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cups brown sugar (lightly pressed down)
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sifted dry bread crumbs
- 1 cup finely-chopped filberts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped candied peel

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each

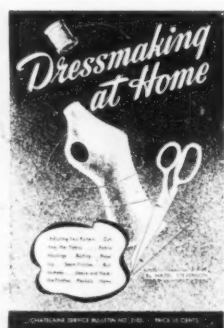
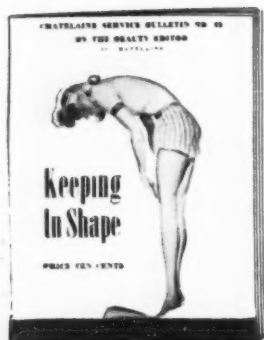
piece into an oblong 10 inches long and 7 inches wide; loosen dough. Spread each oblong with

- 2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine

and spread with the filbert mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece, jelly-roll fashion; seal edges and ends. Roll out into oblongs 12 inches long and 6 inches wide; loosen dough. Cut each oblong into 3 lengthwise strips to within an inch of one end. Braid strips, seal the ends and tuck them under braids. Place on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 25 minutes. Cool. Fill crevices of braids with thick jam or butterscotch cream filling; frost with confectioners' icing and sprinkle with coarsely-chopped filberts.



Chatelaine Service Bulletins



Answers to Every Woman's Beauty Problems

How To Care For Your Hair, price 10 cents. Whether it's long or short, dark or fair, gloss and shine will give beauty to your hair.

Keeping In Shape, price 10 cents. If you have a weight problem, diet and exercise will help you regain your youthful figure.

Beautiful Hands, price 15 cents. Hand lotions creams and a weekly manicure are recommended by our beauty editor for a show of pretty hands.

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★ ★ ★

First Aid For Menus

Sweet and Savory Sauces, price 5 cents. Will add spice to your cooking.

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Shower Ideas, price 15 cents. If you're entertaining a bride-to-be.

★ ★ ★

Learn To Sew

Slip Covers, price 5 cents, will give your living room a face lift. Easy to follow instructions.

Dressmaking At Home, price 15 cents. Learn to be your own designer by following step-by-step instructions in making clothes that have dash and style.

★ ★ ★

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Preparing For Baby, price 5 cents. Valuable advice in prenatal care.

Baby's First Year, price 5 cents. Will help you make sure your child gets a good start in life.

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481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



Menu 1 (Back Porch Supper)

Jellied Soup
*Hawaiian Sandwiches
Potato Chips
Tossed Salad
*Raspberry Sponge
Shortcake

Menu 2 (Picnic Supper)

Cold Sliced Meat Loaf
*Deviled Eggs
Chopped Vegetable
Sandwiches
Green Onions
Radishes
*Gooseberry Tarts

The Institute Suggests Four



Serve Hawaiian sandwiches — melted cheese over pineapple and bacon slices — to a background of rumba music in the garden or on the sun porch.

Hawaiian Sandwiches: Spread toast rounds or rusks with salad dressing. Top with a slice of cooked back bacon, a slice of canned pineapple and a slice of processed yellow cheese. Place under low broiler heat until the cheese melts. Serve at once.

Raspberry Sponge Shortcake: Bake your favorite sponge cake or buy one from the bakery. Cut in generous squares, then slit each square in two. Place sugared fresh raspberries between and on top of the split cake. Serve garnished with a mound of whipped cream and a few plump raspberries.

Deviled Eggs: Hard cook six eggs. Cool and remove shells, then slice in half lengthwise. Remove yolks and mash them with a fork. Add salt, pepper, prepared mustard, grated onion and salad dressing to taste—mixing with the fork until yolks are the consistency of cream cheese. Refill egg whites with yolk mixture. To carry to a

picnic: fit two halves together again and wrap each egg in a twist of waxed paper.

Gooseberry Tarts

3 cups gooseberries
2 cups sugar
Pinch salt
3 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter

Preparation: Line six tart tins with pastry. Clean gooseberries and cut in half.

Method: Mix sugar, salt and flour and sprinkle 1/4 of the mixture over the bottoms of the lined tart tins. Combine remaining flour mixture with the gooseberries and pour into tart shells. Dot with butter, cover with top crusts and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for 10 minutes. Then reduce temperature to 350 degrees F. and bake for 10 to 15 minutes longer. Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Menu 3

(Company Dinner)

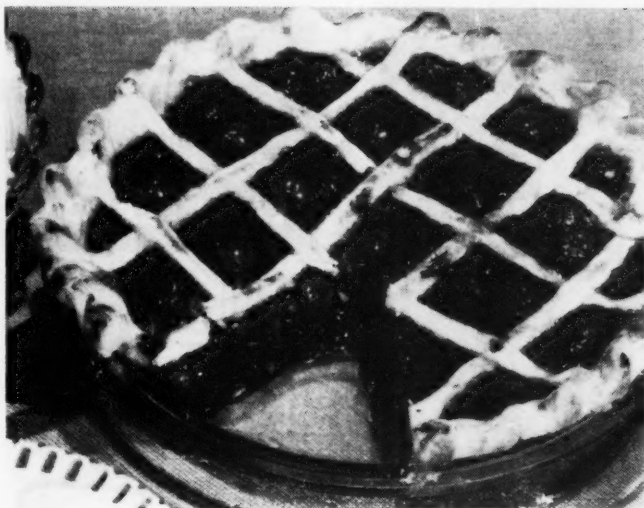
- Fried Chicken
- Creamed New Potatoes and Peas
- *Wilted Lettuce Salad
- *Fresh Cherry Pie à la Mode

Menu 4

(Sunday Supper)

- *Tunafish in Mushroom Soup Sauce
- Fluffy Rice
- Green Beans
- *Fresh Fruit Platter
- Coconut Layer Cake

Menus for July



Serve luscious cherry pie any time, anywhere. Make it with a lattice crust for color contrast, add vanilla ice cream for a real treat

Fresh Cherry Pie

- 4 cups fresh, pitted cherries
- 1 cup sugar
- 3½ tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
- Pastry for 9-inch pie

Preparation: Combine cherries, sugar and tapioca and let stand for 15 minutes. Line pie plate with pastry.

Method: Fill lined pie plate with cherry mixture. Roll remaining pastry and cut in strips. Place, lattice fashion, over top of pie and flute edges, sealing the ends of the strips to the bottom crust. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for 10 minutes; reduce heat to 350 degrees F. and continue baking 20 to 30 minutes longer until cherries are cooked and pastry delicately browned. Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Wilted Lettuce Salad: Cut a large head of lettuce into bite-size pieces. Place in a bowl with ¼ cup finely sliced

onion. Cut 2 strips bacon into fine pieces and fry until crisp. Add bacon pieces to lettuce in bowl. Blend 1½ teaspoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper with ¼ cup vinegar. Add to bacon fat in frying pan and bring to a boil. Pour over lettuce mixture and toss thoroughly. Serve at once, garnished with chopped hard-cooked egg if desired

Tunafish in Mushroom Soup Sauce: Combine ¾ cup milk with 2 cans condensed mushroom soup and heat, stirring constantly. Add 2 tins flaked canned tuna and continue cooking until thoroughly heated. Serve over fluffy boiled rice.

Fresh Fruit Platter: Arrange a selection of fruits on a chop plate or platter garnished with mint. Let each person serve himself and pass cream and fine sugar if desired. Suggested fruits: a mound of strawberries or raspberries, pineapple wedges, black cherries, orange and grapefruit sections, melon wedges.

Make Jam the Modern Short-Boil way save Time, Work, Money

COMPARE THESE TWO METHODS

WITH CERTO

1. Mrs. A. makes jam the short-boil way with CERTO. She has 2 pounds of fruit prepared ready to start at 9 o'clock.

2. The dotted line shows level of the prepared fruit in Mrs. A's saucepan.

3. Mrs. A. adds 3 pounds of sugar. A pound of jam made with CERTO contains no more sugar than a pound made the old long-boil way.

4. Mrs. A. brings the mixture to a full rolling boil; boils hard ONE MINUTE only; removes from stove and adds ½ bottle (4 ozs.) Certo. CERTO is the natural jellying substance in fruit in concentrated form.

5. Mrs. A. is able to pour and paraffin about 5 pounds (10 glasses) of jam from her 2 pounds of fruit. She gets sure results because she follows the CERTO recipe EX-ACTLY.

6. Mrs. A's 10 glasses of jam were made in just 15 minutes.

THE OLD WAY

1. Mrs. B. makes jam the old-fashioned, long-boil way. She, too, is ready to start her jam making at 9 o'clock.

2. Mrs. B. starts off with the same amount of prepared fruit in her saucepan.

3. Mrs. B. uses the old "pound of sugar per pound of fruit" standard recipe.

4. Mrs. B. boils the mixture about 30 minutes before the jam thickens to the desired consistency. This evaporates about ½ the weight of the fruit, darkens the color and carries off much of the natural fresh-fruit flavor in steam.

5. Mrs. B. pours and paraffins about 3 pounds (6 glasses) of jam from the same amount of fruit. Until it is finished she cannot tell for sure how well her jam will turn out.

6. Mrs. B. took 45 minutes to make her 6 glasses of jam.

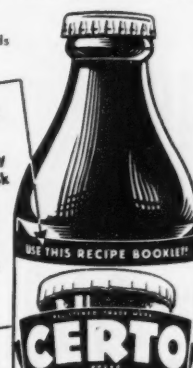
Certo gave Mrs. A. sure results... much more jam... saved time, work and money.

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Under the label of every bottle of CERTO is a book of 78 tested recipes—a separate one for each fruit. Be sure to follow the simple directions EXACTLY.



CERTO
BRAND FRUIT PECTIN



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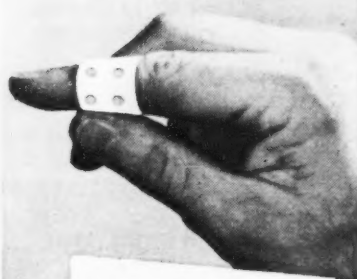
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The quick, easy way to bandage a finger



Happy Housekeeping

by Jane Monteith
of Chatelaine Institute

IT'S THE little things—an easier way of working, a new gadget or a different food product—that make housekeeping a pleasant job. So make use of these suggestions from the Institute and hum a cheery little tune as you work:

Fun to turn on the tap if it's equipped with one of the new aerators. They fit over almost every round faucet. Easy to put on, too. When you turn the tap, water comes out full of fine bubbles—like a soda fountain. Splashing's prevented and water feels soft. Made of rubber with a plastic cap, these aerators reduce chipping.

The new frozen concentrated orange juice is a breakfast time-saver. No oranges to squeeze, but the fresh-from-the-tree flavor is there. Just shake a can of the new juice with three cans water—makes a pint and a half of juice.

A tipsy tip applies to your saucepans and frying pans. When buying them make sure they stand steady on a flat surface. Check, too, to see that the handle is not so heavy as to throw the pan off balance. Look for the pan that "hugs the stove," fits the burner or electric unit underneath and has a close-fitting lid.

Choose lazy man's tools for summer housekeeping—and all year round. Use long-handled scrub brushes, dust pans, brooms and wall brushes. Invest in inexpensive special equipment: a floor waxer, a cellulose sponge mop with replaceable mop heads and adequate vacuum cleaner attachments. Rent or buy a good electric floor polisher for big jobs.

Protect your hands when you're gardening or washing the car. Wear cotton work gloves for dry jobs, neoprene gloves or plastic mitts for wet ones.

Protect your nails with one of the new rubber grips that bite into a piece of steel wool or a metal sponge when you're scraping pots and pans. Use this gadget for floor-cleaning with steel wool too.

Save newly polished floors from children's clutter. Spread a large piece of oilcloth on the floor, then let the children cut out, paste or paint to their hearts' desire. When they're finished shake bits of paper into the wastepaper basket and, if necessary, wipe oilcloth with a damp cloth.

To remove mildew on books: brush loose mold from paper with a clean soft



Fun for children too if you let them share in outdoor jobs.

cloth. Spread leaves of books open fan-wise to air and dry them. If very damp, dust cornstarch or pure talc between the leaves. Brush off after a few hours.

Whipping cream in a can has come to make shortcake days more popular than ever. It should be chilled before whipping, so always keep one tin in your refrigerator for emergency use. Just before serving, whip the rich cream and flavor it with a little sugar and vanilla just as you would cream from a bottle.

Canned pie fillings make summer pie baking so easy. A 20-ounce can holds enough filling for a nine-inch pie. Just dump the contents of the can into an unbaked pie shell, top with pastry (plain or criss-cross) and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) for 20 minutes or until the pastry is baked and delicately browned. Serve warm or cold.

A small electric hair dryer is a useful cottage accessory too. No need to worry about plunging into the lake at any hour of the day or night when you know you can dry your hair completely in a few minutes. Ready to plug in—both 60 cycle and 25 cycle models available.

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GL-225

Continued from page 49
border of crumbs if desired and garnish with orange sections. Freeze. Yield: 6 to 8 servings.
(Approved by Chatelaine Institute)

Jellied Veal Loaf

1 knuckle or shank of veal
1 pound lean veal
1 large onion
Boiling water
Salt and pepper
Hard-cooked eggs
Parsley or watercress

Have the butcher saw the knuckle or shank of veal into pieces. Wipe, put in kettle with lean veal and onion. Cover with boiling water. Simmer slowly until tender. (About 2½ hours.) Remove meat and bone and boil liquid down (uncovered) to about 2 cups. Remove meat from bone and chop meat finely. Season highly with salt and pepper. Garnish bottom of a 1½ quart casserole (that has been rinsed in cold water) with slices of hard-cooked eggs and parsley or celery leaves. Gently turn meat into casserole on top of garnish. Pour the 2 cups condensed stock over meat. Press and chill.

Turn out on serving plate and garnish with parsley or watercress. Yield: 8 servings.

(Approved by Chatelaine Institute)

Whipped Chocolate Frosting

½ cup whipping cream
¼ cup cocoa
¼ cup granulated sugar

Combine ingredients. Store in refrigerator for 4 to 5 hours. Beat with rotary beater until stiff. Spread on cake. Yield: Sufficient for topping 8-inch cake.
(Approved by Chatelaine Institute)

Banana Cream

1 cup evaporated milk
20 marshmallows
1½ cups mashed bananas

Pour milk into ice cube tray and chill

Jilted

Continued from page 9

played the meanest sort of tricks. Bill and I were right back in our happiest days. We were walking hand in hand down the street on a spring evening. We were laughing over some intimate foolish joke. Or we were weaving plans sitting in front of the fire. Bill was talking earnestly, his eyes bright with hope and ambition about the future. I was filled with pride because I was to share it with him . . . because I was to be the mother of the children we both wanted.

And then came the torture of waking when the happy glow of dreams faded into sickening reality.

Perhaps if I'd had wise counsel right from the start, it might have helped. But I doubt it. This time of self-torment I had to go through alone. No one could help me. I became completely absorbed in my broken heart. I held it as close to me as my former dreams of happiness. It became a substitute for everything I had lost.

THIS WAS a time when friends showed up in strange lights. There were those who had liked Bill and me as a couple,

until crystals start to form. Melt marshmallows over hot water. Add mashed bananas (about 4 ripe bananas). Mix well and cool. Whip milk until stiff and fold into banana mixture. Pour into freezing tray and freeze. Yield: 6 large servings.

(Approved by Chatelaine Institute)

Lemonade Syrup

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
Rind of 2 lemons cut in thin strips
¼ teaspoon salt
Juice of 6 lemons

Boil sugar, water, lemon rind and salt together for 5 minutes. Cool. Add lemon juice. Strain and store in covered jar. Use two tablespoons of syrup to one glass of ice water.

Variation

1 tablespoon lemon syrup
2 tablespoons orange juice
2 tablespoons pineapple juice
½ cup ice water
Cracked ice

Combine lemon syrup and fruit juices. Add to ice water. Pour over cracked ice in a tall glass.

(Approved by Chatelaine Institute)

Clove-Lemon Syrup

2 cups water
1½ cups lemon juice
1 teaspoon whole cloves
2 cups sugar

Mix all ingredients together in a saucepan and bring slowly to boiling point. Boil for two minutes and remove the mixture to a covered glass jar and keep in the refrigerator to use as needed. Individual servings of three tablespoons to a glass of ice water may be garnished with mint sprigs or lemon slices.

(Approved by Chatelaine Institute) +

but had no use for me now. They made it clear that I was a source of embarrassment to them. This really didn't hurt much—it just added to my conviction that I had only been socially acceptable because of Bill; that no one really liked me. I almost took pleasure in my humiliation.

Another type of friends moved in on me. They became very dominant. These were people who battered on tragedy. It made them feel important to be able to feel sorry for me.

"Poor Mary, what would she do without me? I'll always rally round . . . never let a friend down." And rally round they did! Determined to keep my wound open and bleeding. If you're ever in my shoes, my advice is, give this sort of friendship a wide berth. It's most dangerous of all.

Real friendship can eventually be a rock to lean on. It was just such a friend who helped me piece together the broken fragments of my life. This friend administered shock treatment as an antidote to my abysmal inferiority complex. I was going over and over the reasons why Bill had left me. She'd heard it so often. Finally she burst out.

"For goodness' sake, Mary, take a

Continued on page 55



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GARDEN MAGIC

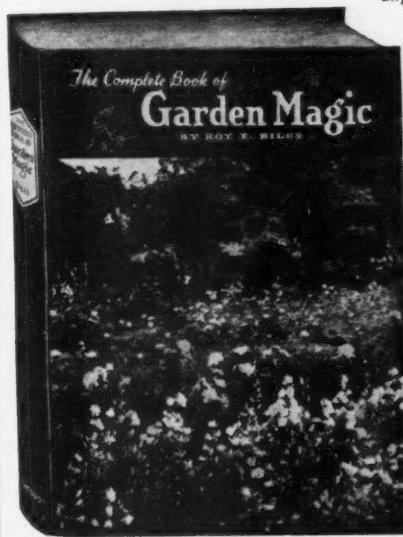
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Beauty Brief



WE'VE LONG been a tub thumper for natural good looks. And now we have strong backing from one of Canada's best-known portrait photographers, John Steele.

"The dishonest vapid expression of the 'beautiful but dumb' society deb is definitely out," John told us. "Of course women still like to be flattered in a photo—but the flattery must be near reality, showing a face that is alive, animated, real. The modern woman wants to look *human*."

So speaks a master of camera technique. And we feel he has summed up today's ideal of what goes to make an attractive woman.

Try checking your own expression in a store window, in a mirror. Do you look alive, animated, interesting to know? Do you enjoy the subtle flattery of deftly applied make-up? Vivacity is the secret of good looks—and you can do a lot to put a twinkle in your mind's eye, from joining a local community club to reading a good book.

But too many women seem to mistake animation for ceaseless activity. So they appear tense and jumpy—suffering from "Twit-terphobia" as Margery Wilson dubbed it. They would do well to watch an actress who has mastered the trick of underplaying a scene—and thereby making that scene her own.

Check your expression—then spark it up, or calm it down. You'll have that vital look that is a joy to a camera lens—or to an appreciative male eye.

NEWS—Nail lacquer in 12 fashion-cord colors. Bottle has two finger-rest spaces, and a finger guide brush to simplify your manicure job. **News**—Your lipstick and a smooth-glide pen, all in one slim gold pencil. Perfect purse accessory. **News**—An eye make-up pencil with a supply of leads. Maintains a perpetual pin-point tip, thanks to its built-in sharpener. Makes that delicate eye-line a cinch.

IDEA—Smelling salts aren't the exclusive property of the fainting fem. Tuck a bottle in the glove compartment of the car, or in your travel bag. Relieves those locomotion blues.

ANOTHER AID if you're off on a motor trip . . . a book of Lather Leaves is yours for the asking at one group of gas stations. Use the leaf as you would a bar of soap . . . and feel freshened-up, even if you are miles back of beyond.

TO OPEN the glass stopper on your new fall perfume, run your cigarette lighter round the neck. The heat will cause the bottle to expand. And if you want to fill a small bottle from a large one, do it with an eyedropper, as salesgirls do.

NEWS—A creamy beauty mask for your hair. Restores a natural lustre to summer-dry hair. **News**—A scented hand lotion in three pastel shades—blue, pink or ivory—to harmonize with your rooms. **News**—Cake powder, an old favorite, returns with modern improvements. Non-spill pressed powder is convenient to carry, gives your complexion smooth covering in a range of pretty shades +



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Continued from page 53

grip on yourself. If the guy's gone, he's gone! Wailing and wishing won't bring him back. You've got to start living in the present or you'll turn queer like Emma Murphy."

I'd never thought of myself as a possible Emma Murphy—a dried-up spinster with a whine to her voice. I knew she'd had an early love affair that had gone sour—and she had done likewise.

THAT NIGHT, for the first time, I brushed the mist of self-pity out of my eyes and faced myself in the mirror. Just what did I plan to do? It was entirely up to me—no one else could help.

As though a voice answered my question I knew the first step was to get back into circulation—the only way to rebuild my self-confidence. Next day I accepted an invitation to a dance. It was a blind date and never, as long as I live, will I forget the agony of that party. In my efforts not to be a wet blanket I went to the other extreme. I was brittle, laughed too much, talked like a machine gun. I made silly, cynical comments. I realized my escort was looking at me as though he'd been paired off with a "fast woman." I saw my friend's eyes filled with pity and with warning to me to pipe down. When I got home that night I had reached an all-time low. I cried for Bill in an agony of grief as I had never cried before. There is one advantage in reaching the bottom of a well—you can't go any lower. You have to start crawling up, inching your way toward the light. I knew there was no alternative for me. I must learn to face people once more.

One thing I discovered. No one was talking about me any more. My broken engagement was as stale a bit of news as last month's paper. I was the only person in the whole town who was keeping it alive. This helped tremendously in getting over my aversion to meeting my erstwhile friends. I gradually got back my old party manners. I ceased to play a part.

The second step was the realization that I hadn't lost the only possible mate for me. Song writers and movies have built up the belief that there's a boy for every girl—it's all arranged in heaven. "It Had to Be You" type of sentiment had always made me feel there could never be anyone else for me but Bill—and vice versa. Now I began to take a leaf from his book. I realized that at one time he had really been in love with me, been happy and content to spend the rest of his life with me. It wasn't until he sought a new life and broader horizons that his whole outlook changed and he looked for a different kind of girl

Continued on page 63

ONLY ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

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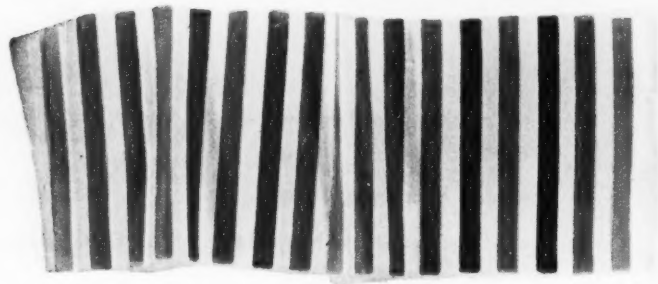
Pattern Descriptions

No. 3214	... sizes 7 - 14	... price, 25c.
No. 3200	... sizes 12 - 20	... price, 25c.
No. 3170	... sizes 11 - 18	... price, 25c.
No. 3179	... sizes 2 - 8	... price, 25c.
No. 3239	... sizes 12 - 20	... price, 25c.
No. 3245	... sizes 7 - 14	... price, 25c.
No. 3205	... sizes 11 - 18	... price, 25c.
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Simplicity patterns may be ordered direct from your dealer or by mail through the pattern department of Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Double Talk

Father will be seeing double but he'll love it! He's bound to approve of his women's whims when he sees mother and daughter—or big and little sister—dressed alike in pert, pretty fashions. He'll be proud as Punch when he hears you made them yourself. These Simplicity patterns have all the know-how to make you and your pride and joy look cute and captivat' from morn to night.



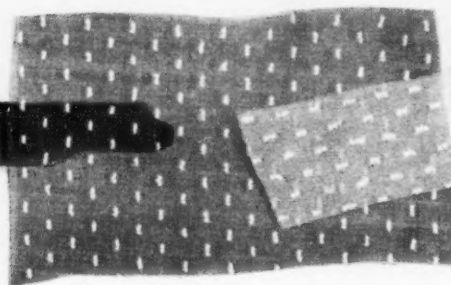
Shopping Spree

Out on the town in your pretty striped blouses and skirts. The tiny winged collar and flap pockets give a lively look to the shirtwaist. Mother, No. 3200. Daughter, No. 3214.



Party Plans

Full, full skirts for summer entertaining and they are as pretty as the garden itself. Use two colors for contrast. Try dotted swiss or embroidered organdie. Mother, No. 3170. Daughter, No. 3179.



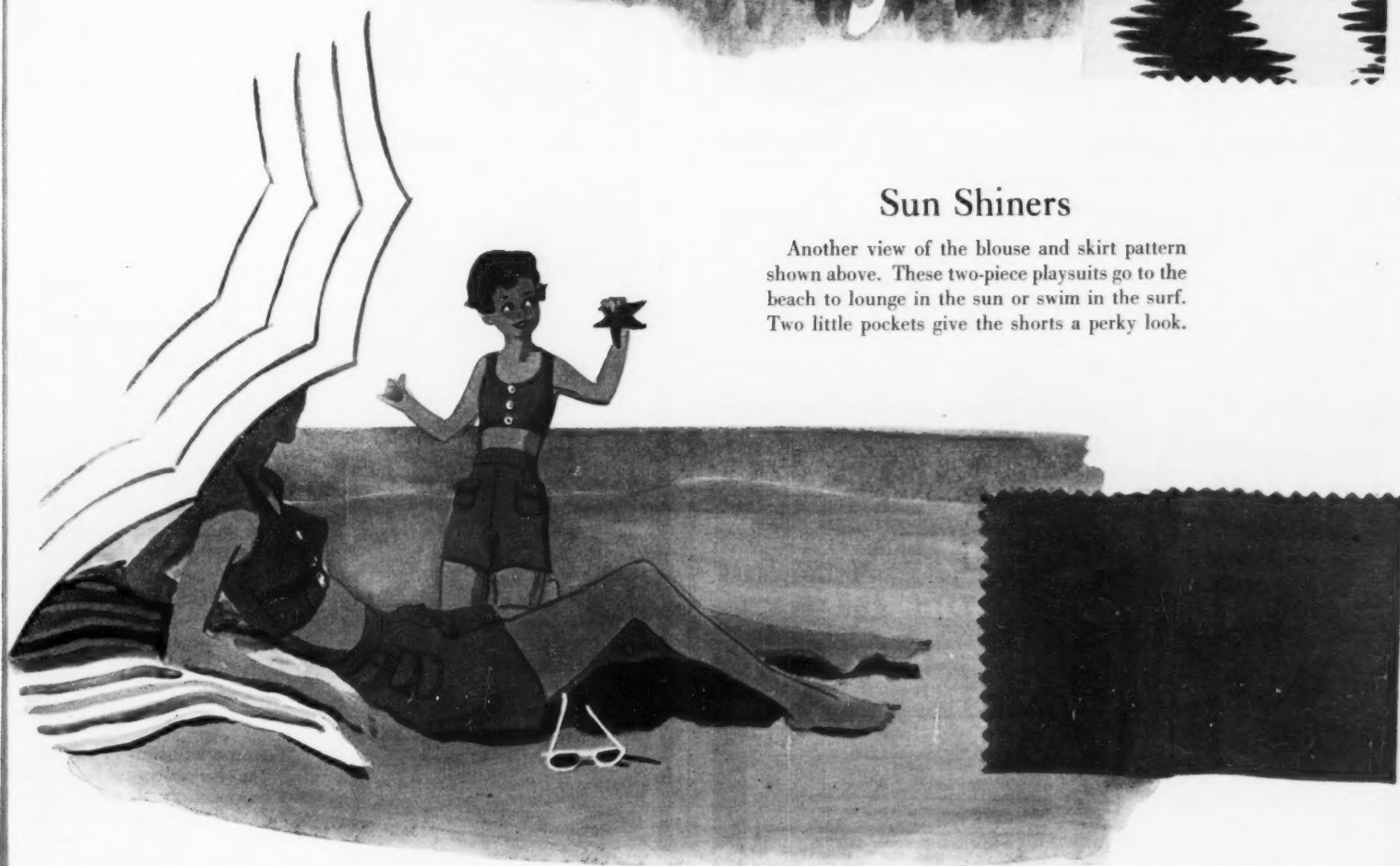
Fun Frocks

These look as fresh and cool as a shadowy glade. You'll have fun at outdoor sports in a free-swinging skirt of printed pique. The blouses are the latest in sun top fashions . . . sleeveless with boat-shaped necklines. Mother, No. 3239. Daughter, No. 3245.



Sun Shiners

Another view of the blouse and skirt pattern shown above. These two-piece playsuits go to the beach to lounge in the sun or swim in the surf. Two little pockets give the shorts a perky look.



For Simplicity pattern sizes and prices see page 55.

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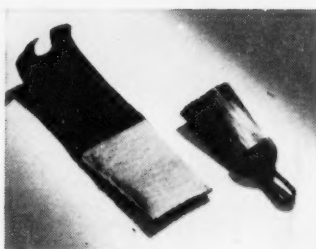
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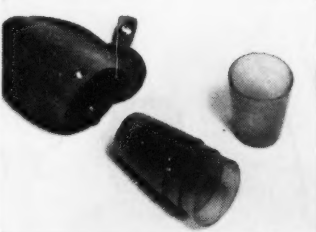
Our list of places where merchandise on these pages is available is ready for you. Write for it to "Shopping with Chatelaine" and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Regrettably, we cannot make the purchases for you; please do not send money for this purpose.



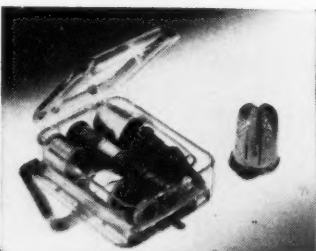
Letter by letter to make a book. What child five to nine doesn't love to receive a letter? Subscribing to Lucy letters, a weekly or monthly series, the child gets a bright cover with the first of the newsy letters—12 in all, a personally addressed, \$3.



A tidy twosome. The tra-valet open shows shoeshine pad and pocket for the plastic fibre whisk. Snapped closed, it fits into the smallest crevice of the travel bag. Transparent whisk top in a choice of colors. Leather case, \$1.25; leatherette, \$1.

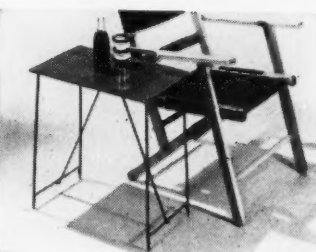


Tumblers for trippers. Four of them fitting compactly in a case—a handy item to take away on a car or train trip. Tumblers are pastel pretty, flexible and unbreakable plastic. Choice of shades. The four in a leather case, \$1.25; leatherette, \$1.



A stitch in time saves embarrassment. A variety of colored thread, thimble and needle for a hasty repair job come in a transparent case to tuck into the travel bag for about 50c.

Time and eye saver. Magic thimble has adjustable threader and cutter. 50c.

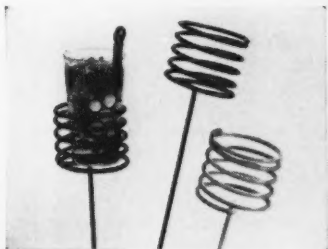


Welcome addition to outdoor seating. Buy several to place beside garden or porch chairs. Strong metal construction, painted red, green, yellow or blue. Withstand all weather conditions. Should fold flat for putting away when not required. 23 x 13 inches and 18 inches high, each priced about \$2.

Living with Chatelaine

by Wilma Tait

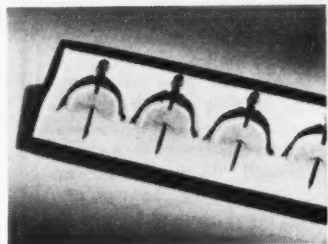
A spike for your drink. Metal lawn roasters painted red, yellow, blue, are a real convenience for outdoor entertaining. Look pretty on the lawn. Set of three in tubular container for about \$4. Twelve plastic recipe muddlers in transparent bag for about \$1.



Birds of a feather in salts and peppers are ornamental, useful too! Of pheasant pottery they charm in a variety of blue, green, red, yellow shades with gold markings. A gracious gift indeed, to take to your hostess for her summer home. By the pair about \$2.25.



Make mine lemon with squeezer for a lazier eating. A novelty for a hostess that her guests will like. The individual metal pick and squeezer extracts the juice without fuss and keeps the fingers clean and dry. Four of these, nicely boxed for giving, about \$1.75.



Casual coolth and comfort. Sandals that wrap around look slick and slim on well-groomed feet. Of all-rubber construction with adjustable fasteners they're just the thing for beach or garden. Colors are coral, green or white; sizes 3 to 8. A pair cost about \$3.50.



Just spray it on. From a flexible plastic bottle in pastel blue shade a gentle squeeze squirts enough deodorant to stop perspiration quickly—and economically—for 24 hours. It's an ideal travel companion; being unbreakable it won't leak or spill. Around 75c.



A tisket, a tasket, a handy wicker basket. Creel-shaped, just like a fisherman's, you wear it over your shoulder, on the hip, in the hand (and with flair) to hold your money and small purchases. Miniature size 5 inches about \$2; 15-inch size with handle, \$2.



"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

Player's
CORK TIP
Please

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To help you with your canning, Chatelaine Institute has prepared a new bulletin—complete up-to-the-minute instructions for canning in jars or cans.

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The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with Neet Cream Hair Remover. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply Neet like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.

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Nestle's revolutionary new Squeeze Spray bottle gives you a thrilling new experience in speed, convenience and economy. Nestle "Spraze" is light in consistency and holds your coiffure in place just like a waveset, yet dries instantly to strengthen and tighten your curl or wave. Use it whenever you do your hair! . . . 1.50 . . . refill 50c. Another Nestle product in the Squeeze Spray bottle is "Fleet" . . . a perfectly balanced shampoo.

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No wonder babies get excited when mother brings out gentle, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder!

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Use this smooth, snow-white, pleasant Lotion exactly like baby oil — after baby's bath, at diaper changes. Hospital-proved to give never-before protection against heat rash and other minor skin irritations.

And oh, mother! What a delight to use! Johnson's Baby Lotion feels lovely as white velvet. Soft. Fragrant. Never sticky. Add Lotion to baby's nursery tray today!

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Babies

Continued from page 5

I had given the inch I thought would help matters, and there was Jean right in there taking the mile. I would be the storybook father if it killed her.

It wasn't in me. I tried, but I was going against every natural instinct I had. My impulses toward my son were to pay his education fund no matter what else went by the board; to see the pediatrician was taken care of; to give as generously as I knew how to the financial end of providing for him. My impulses didn't include cooing at him; watching him have his bath or kissing him goodnight.

I'm not whistling in the dark either. I have talked to a good many men on the subject and nearly all feel as I do. But society makes us feel like such misfits if we don't fall in with woman's portrait of the ideal father that we haven't the nerve to do much about it other than talk among ourselves. We all wanted children but couldn't work up much enthusiasm about babies.

At one point in our domestic upset regarding our son, my wife, disbelief and sarcasm dripping, asked: "Just when do you think Bobby changes from a baby to a child? WHEN will you start taking an interest in him?"

I couldn't give her even a grain of comfort there. I didn't truthfully know. It was my first experience at fatherhood and I had to feel my way. In retrospect I think my first small thrill at siring the little guy came when I had my movie camera trained on him in his playpen and he pulled himself to a standing position for the first time. Later when he was nearly a year he crept across the room to my feet. I felt he was beginning to take notice of something other than himself. By the time he was 16 months and walking, he was my shadow and I loved every minute of it.

So don't push us fathers. Let us take our time to know our sons and daughters. And don't go into a snit when we don't come up to your specifications in the parent field. Today our son is two years old and we are pals. He likes me and I certainly like him. My wife agrees I am his favorite and she says now her predictions that he would turn from me because I didn't dote on him in his early months are unfounded.

But he is no longer a baby. He is a child. My son! +

Coming Next Month

Backstage with

Barbara Ann Scott

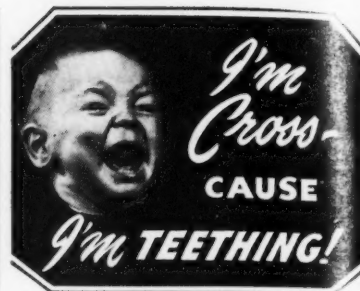
A royal tour from coast to coast with Canada's brilliant young skater

In the same issue

Maida Parlow French, outstanding Canadian novelist, describes a

Blind Date with a Tramp

in
August Chatelaine



If your baby is restless, fussy and fretful, the little system needs the safe, gentle help of Steedman's Powders. Steedman's the standby of mothers for more than 100 years, promotes regular bowel action, helps relieve colic and feverish conditions. At your druggist's.

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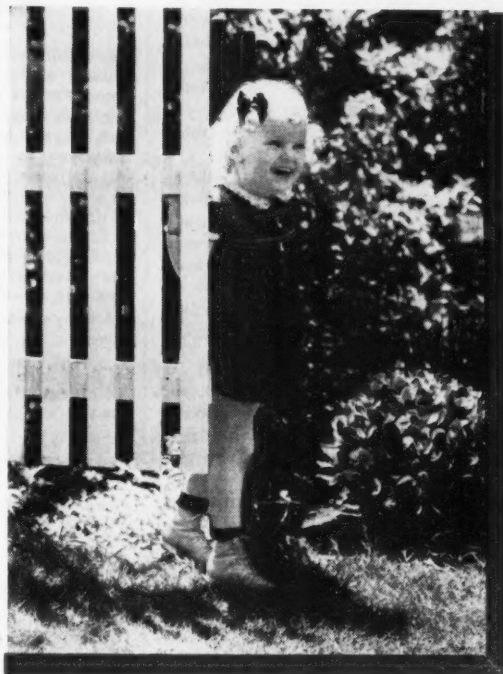
The Chocolate Laxative
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YER GRAN'MA AND ME HEV
BEEN USIN' 3-IN-ONE
FER AS LONG AS I KIN
RECOLLECT...NUTHIN' LIKE IT



CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON M.D., Director



Our Doctor Advises on Hot-Weather Problems

HOT WEATHER, especially if it is humid as well, seems to render our digestive systems somewhat less efficient. Babies are more easily affected in this way than adults. Therefore it is worth while doing all you can to keep your baby comfortably cool during the hot weather.

Sleep

If the upstairs is very hot, you'd be wise to move his cot down to the ground floor. Let him sleep in the coolest part of the house, barring the cellar, of course. Keeping the air circulating, either by opening the windows wide or by means of a fan, has a cooling effect, but don't let the breeze blow directly on him. If you pull his cot out from the wall, the air will move around him more freely. Except for very young or very small babies, a sleeveless cotton shirt and diaper are plenty of clothing on a warm day. When it is very hot a diaper alone is sufficient. At night a thin nightgown with the diaper pinned to it is about right, and in this kind of weather he won't need any cover until after his 10 or 11 o'clock feeding. When you fix him up then, you'd do well to cover him with a thin flannelette sheet. Unless you do this, his wet diaper will cool him off too much before morning.

Lots of Water

Even in ordinary weather babies need about 12 times as much fluid for their weights as adults do. In the summer when they perspire they need even more. It is important, therefore, to

offer your baby plain boiled water when he is awake between feedings. He will be most likely to take it $\frac{1}{2}$ to one hour before his next meal. Give him plenty of chances at it, even though he often refuses it. He can't tell you when he's thirsty.

Sponge Baths

Two or three sponge baths a day in addition to his regular tub bath will make him more comfortable. Tepid water with a little soda in it—about one teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of water—is particularly soothing, but water alone does very well. Pat him dry and powder him with baby powder or cornstarch after the sponging.

Food

Most people, including babies, aren't so hungry as usual in extremely hot weather. If your baby doesn't want to finish his feeding, don't urge him. When he seems to lack his usual appetite, it's wise to dilute his feedings a little with boiled water. For instance, instead of 8 ounces of his formula, put in six ounces and add two ounces of boiled water. He may take the whole feeding if it is diluted in this way, and the extra water is good for him. Naturally he won't gain so quickly when his feedings are weaker, but he'll be less likely to develop a digestive upset.

As germs grow quickly in warm milk, get the milk bottle into the refrigerator as soon as possible, and always keep his bottles cold. As dangerous germs have been found on or in houseflies, you



● Most youngsters change to grown-up fare around the age of three. But it's a big jump for a 3-year-old—to leap suddenly from foods made specially for young digestions to the rich spiciness of adult soup. Until he's five or so, it's usually wise to give your toddler this particular course in more mildly seasoned form.

How to do it easily, quickly, without disturbing your own menu? Just turn some of the foods he's already been thriving on—Heinz Junior Foods—into his own special soups. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 tin of milk, heat and serve. That's all there is to it.

All told, besides Junior Chicken Soup, six other Heinz Junior Food varieties make excellent soup for the pre-school age child. Because of their milder seasoning, they're kind to tender tummies. Because of ingredients such as yeast concentrate, soy bean flour and whey powder, they're extra-nourishing.

You'll find these six grand soup-making varieties of Heinz Junior Foods listed below. Order them from your dealer and let your in-betweeners enjoy their special benefits. Just add $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 tin of milk, heat and serve.

When he's really ready for adult soups there's a feast of flavour awaiting him in the luscious line-up of Heinz Condensed Soups. You and your family, of course, can savour all 18 varieties now. They're at your grocer's.

Here they are!
**6 soup-making varieties
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FOODS**

- Junior Lamb and Liver with Vegetables
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- Junior Vegetables with Bacon
- Junior Creamed Diced Vegetables
- Junior Creamed Green Vegetables
- Junior Creamed Tomato with Rice



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SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED



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is best qualified to say how early your baby should start Swift's Strained Meats—ask him.



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(Just learning to chew) (to perk up appetites) (No bother—just heat and serve)

Tempting—Thrifty—Time-saving



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should see that your windows and doors are well screened, and you'll need a netting cover for his carriage or crib when he sleeps outdoors. Elastic around the lower edge of the netting makes it handier to use. The netting should be large enough to go over the hood when it is up. If the carriage has no hood, perhaps your husband could make a light frame to hold up the netting. Usually babies sleep more soundly outdoors than indoors, unless it is warmer outside.

If your baby develops an infection, especially if it is accompanied by a loose movement or some vomiting, contact your physician at once. Don't wait until the symptoms become marked. In the meantime give him plenty of sweetened boiled water or orange juice diluted with an equal amount of boiled water.

Travel

If your baby is healthy and you have a suitable summer place to go to, you would be wise to take him out of the hot city in the summertime. If you plan the trip with care his routine need be little upset. If he is small enough, a padded clothes basket makes a fine traveling bed for him. His feedings should be packed in a painful of ice. If you take along a deep saucepan, all you need to obtain en route is a quart or so of hot water for warming his bottle. An electric bottle warmer is even handier. His sterilized nipples can travel in a boiled wide-mouthed jar and his dry baby cereal can go in another similar jar.

Unless you can obtain pasteurized milk, delivered in good condition, at your summer place, you would be wise to ask your physician to change him over to an evaporated milk formula some weeks before you plan to leave. You want him to be well established on it before you move him out of town.

Bites and Prickly Heat

Even though you do your best to keep the mosquitoes out, it's likely that your baby will be bitten a few times. Either a paste made of bicarbonate of soda and water, or calamine lotion, is a good soothing application to dab on the bites. A small adhesive bandage on the spot will prevent his scratching it. When you wish to remove it, pull it off gently, as his skin is very thin and easily injured.

Prickly heat is the result of dressing your baby too warmly. The rash is made up of innumerable tiny red spots and some of these often are surmounted by minute blisters. It appears most commonly around the neck, but may occur on the back, the upper chest and even up around the ears. It usually doesn't disturb him at all. The most important thing to do toward relieving it is to peel off some of his clothes. Dabbing the affected areas with a solution made by adding one teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda to a cup of water also helps to clear it up.

Sunbaths

As soon as your baby is three or four weeks old, he can be given sunbaths, but great care must be taken to avoid sunburn, as it will make him quite sick. Five minutes is a long enough exposure on the first day. Then increase the time two minutes each day until he is out in the sun for ½ to one hour. On hot days it is best to give him his sunning between 8 and 10 o'clock in the morning before

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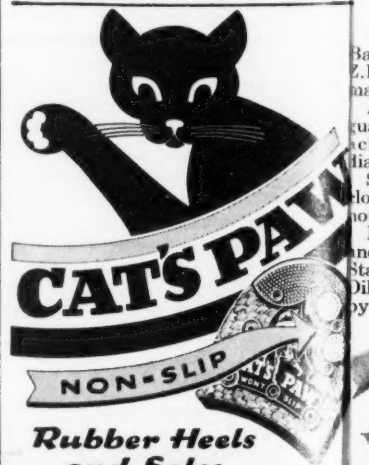
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Quick Relief from Pain



the sun becomes too hot. On extremely hot days it is best omitted entirely. Instead, place him in the shade of a building, but exposed to as much of the blue sky as possible. The skyshine also contains valuable ultraviolet light.

Older Children

Never give your youngsters raw milk. It may contain dangerous germs such as those causing bovine tuberculosis, undulant fever and septic sore throat. If you can't obtain pasteurized milk, use either dried or evaporated milk. Their food value is similar to that of pasteurized milk when they are made up according to the directions on the can. Also dried whole milk is cheaper than pasteurized milk when it is bought in 10 lb. drums. Its flavor is more like milk if it is mixed up the day before and kept in the refrigerator overnight.

Unless your water has been tested and found to be pure by a provincial health laboratory, you should either boil or chlorinate it. Simple, cheap, home-chlorinating outfits can be bought from

provincial health departments. Boiled water tastes rather flat, but pouring it from one pitcher to another improves its flavor to some extent.

Some households don't bother much about breakfasts during the holidays. This is a poor idea if there are children in the family. Growing youngsters really need three good meals a day. Candies, soft drinks or ice cream shortly before meals usually result in their picking at their food. If they want something to eat between meals, encourage them to take fruit, raw vegetables, fruit juices or milk, and hand them out some time before the next meal is due.

★ ★ ★

Your Question Box—Dr. Robertson would be glad to answer questions on child health and training. Please do not ask for prescriptions or feeding formulas. Address your questions in care of Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. +

Jilted

Continued from page 55

to share his life. If this could happen to me, why couldn't it happen to me?

As reluctantly as swallowing bitter medicine, I forced myself to take part in outside projects. I joined a dramatic society. To my great surprise I found I had quite a lot of acting ability. Our plays were so popular that we were invited to put them on in other places. I was intermeshed with people who had no association with my past life. Months later, I woke one morning to the realization that for the past 48 hours I hadn't even thought of Bill. It was from that time on that my wound began to heal over. Don't misunderstand me. I didn't just shrug off my unhappiness. If you've ever been truly in love and discarded, it will be a deep-down hurt for the rest of your life—but it will be covered by scar tissue. And this scar

tissue grows in direct proportion to the new interests, new friends you develop.

There came a time when I was actually able to take a fairly objective view of Bill and myself. I looked around me. I saw that most of the people I knew had suffered injury or misfortune at some time or other. Being jilted has been a devastating experience but I'm hoping it will vaccinate me against future failures or disasters. I know now I have a certain hidden strength to call upon.

Now I am grateful to Bill for his act of desperation in breaking our engagement at the last moment. If fear of public opinion had forced him to go through with our marriage, what chance of happiness would we have? Someday I'd be bound to discover that he had never wanted to marry me. And undoubtedly I'd find out the hard way.

A broken engagement is a shattering but temporary tragedy. A broken marriage can be a permanent one. +

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robs your 8-month-old of sleep . . .

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or robs your 8-year-old of pep . . .

When your normally happy, active child acts moody and pepleless because of "Childhood Constipation," remember this: Strong adult laxatives . . . even in reduced doses . . . may be too harsh! Give Castoria! It's thorough and effective, yet so gentle it will not upset sensitive digestive systems. And children really like its pleasant taste. So play safe, keep Castoria on hand at all times.



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Reader Takes Over

Ed's note: Here are the two young Canadians whose work prompted most readers to take pen in hand this month. Right, Frank Tumpane, columnist for the Toronto Globe and Mail. His article, "The Cruel World vs. Teen-agers," received more cheers from parents and boos from the coke crowd than we have space to print. There was, however, unqualified approval of H. Gordon Green's, "Church Going Down." Mr. Green, lower left, is interested in stories from two angles — as a writer and as fiction editor of the Montreal Herald and Weekly Star. He began to write at the age of 14 and since that time has had over 200 short stories published in Canada and the U.S.



Mr. Rip Van Winkle

Dear Editor: After reading your article in May Chatelaine, "Cruel World vs. Teen-agers," I was speechless. How a man with any intelligence could write such a narrow-minded view is beyond my comprehension.

. . . school strikes seem to be a thorn in Mr. Tumpane's finger. We've never had any here, but where did those striking teen-agers get the idea in the first place—if not from the example of their superior elders?

—S. A. H.

Letbridge, Alta.

. . . I would like to point out to Mr. Tumpane that today's teen-agers are growing up in a modern world. He just hasn't wakened to the fact that in an age of atom bombs and jet planes

people don't go round in a horse and buggy. Neither do we sit in the woodshed and carve corn cobs in a day of juke boxes, television sets and crime movies.



H. Gordon Green

Either poor Mr. Tumpane is like Rip Van Winkle and has been sleeping for the past 20 years, or else he is a selfish and egotistical individual, afraid that the teen-agers are going to blow up the world with hydrogen bombs.

A Teen-ager

Vancouver, B.C.

. . . I think Frank Tumpane's article should be put in a leaflet and distributed to both public and high schools, to give these youngsters a chance to remodel their lives before it is too late . . . and to point out to them just what their parents are trying to do for them. I have three teen-age girls and read the article to them in the hope they might respond to some of its very good advice.

Mrs. T. F.

Toronto, Ont.

. . . Congratulations to Chatelaine for printing the article on teen-agers. For some time now I have been weary of them as a subject of special interest. Every magazine for the past few years has carried articles on these youngsters and what we as parents and citizens must do for them and put up with from them. If instead they would print articles directed at the teen-agers, with sound advice instead of blowing up their importance, it would help adolescents and adults alike . . . Once upon a time it used to be sufficient to clothe our children decently against the weather, but not any more. It's no longer possible for parents to dress high-school boys and girls according to practical standards. Trousers can't be the best wearing, they must be the newest materials and "drape." Feet must be shod according to what's fashionable regardless of the damage to arches and ankles. I could go on at length on this subject, but I just started out to say "Thank you" for the first sensible article I've read about "our glorious youth."

Toronto, Ont.

. . . Frank Tumpane's article will surely draw a burst of applause from your aged readers of 30-60—that group dismissed by teen-agers as "those old fogies." What gets me is that the old fogies are bringing up these youngsters to their present state of importance. How come? Magazines are especially guilty of catering to their silly vanity—so here's three cheers and a pat on the back for Chatelaine and a writer who has the courage to speak frankly.

Mrs. M. W.

Edmonton, Alta.

Far Beyond Average

Dear Editor: I have been a reader of your magazine for some years and enjoy the homemaking and beauty articles very much. However, what I would particularly like to comment on is the story, "Church Going Down," by H. Gordon Green, in May Chatelaine. It's very refreshing to run across a story so clean yet so interesting. Let's have more by the same author.

Mrs. E. T.

Orillia, Ont.

. . . Why can't we have more stories like "Church Going Down," and less like "Oh Jealous Heart" in the same issue?

A Reader.

St. John, N.B.

. . . I have always enjoyed Chatelaine's fiction, but would like especially to comment on H. Gordon Green's "Church Going Down." Its heart-warming simplicity reaches far beyond the average run of stories. It should find a permanent place in any Canadian anthology.

Jane O'Connor

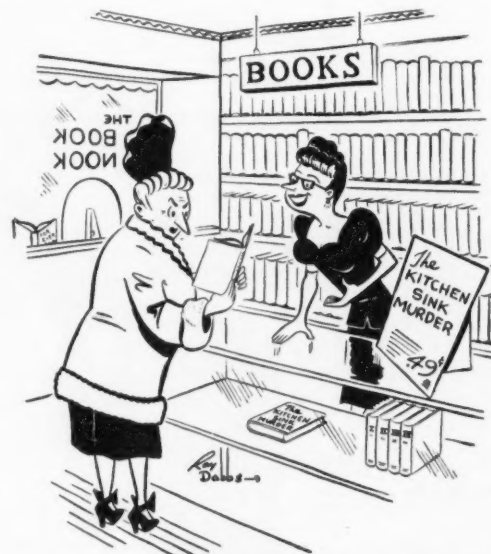
Calgary, Alta.

How True!

Dear Editor: Thank you for the editorial, "Are You Self-conscious?" As I read it I kept thinking, "How true this is!" I have clipped it out of the magazine for future rereading and would like to see more like it.

—Mrs. H. G. S.

New Liskeard, Ont.



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